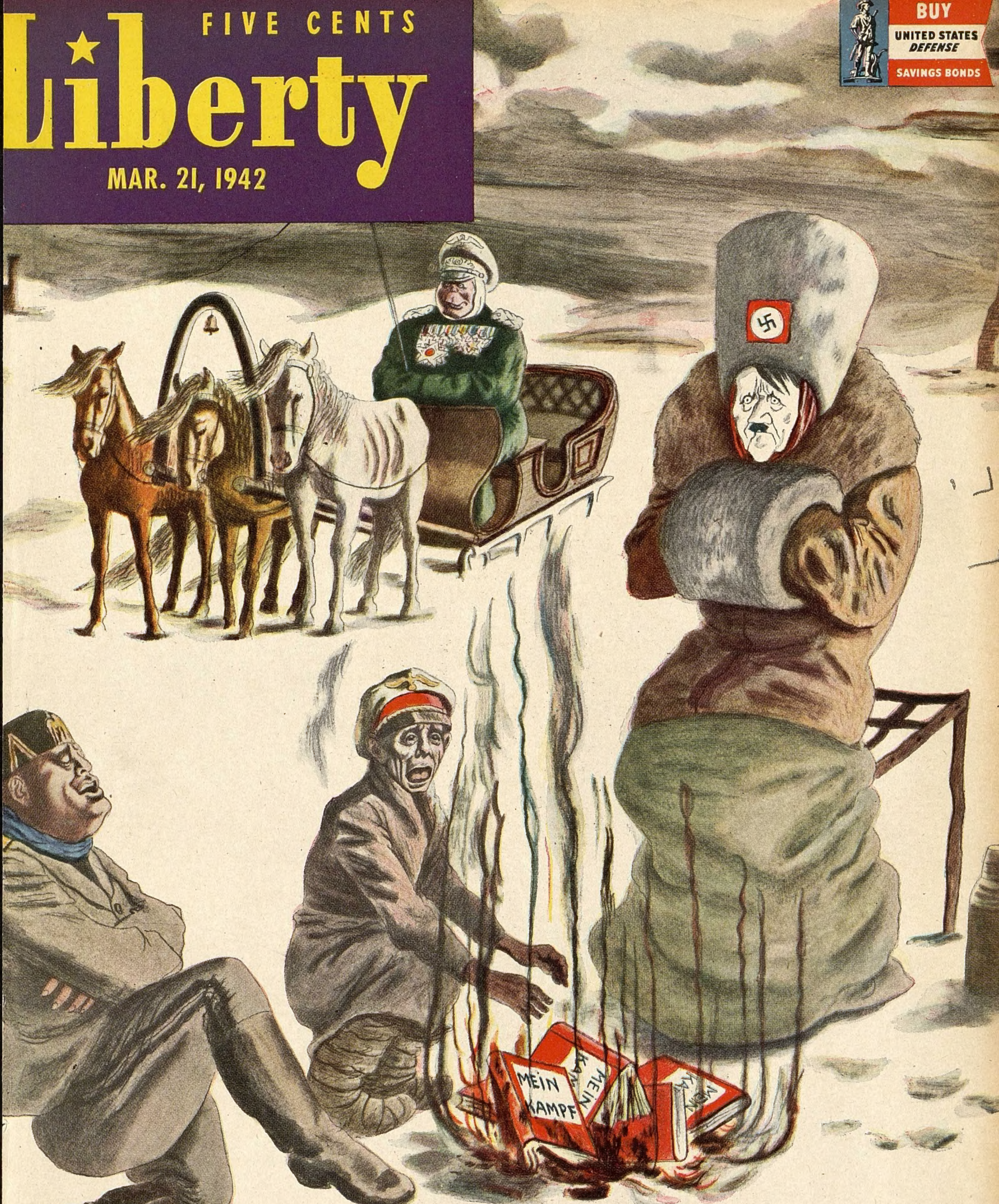
FIVE CENTS
Liberty
MAR. 21, 1942

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS


MEIN KAMPF
MEIN KAMPF
MEIN KAMPF
MEIN KAMPF

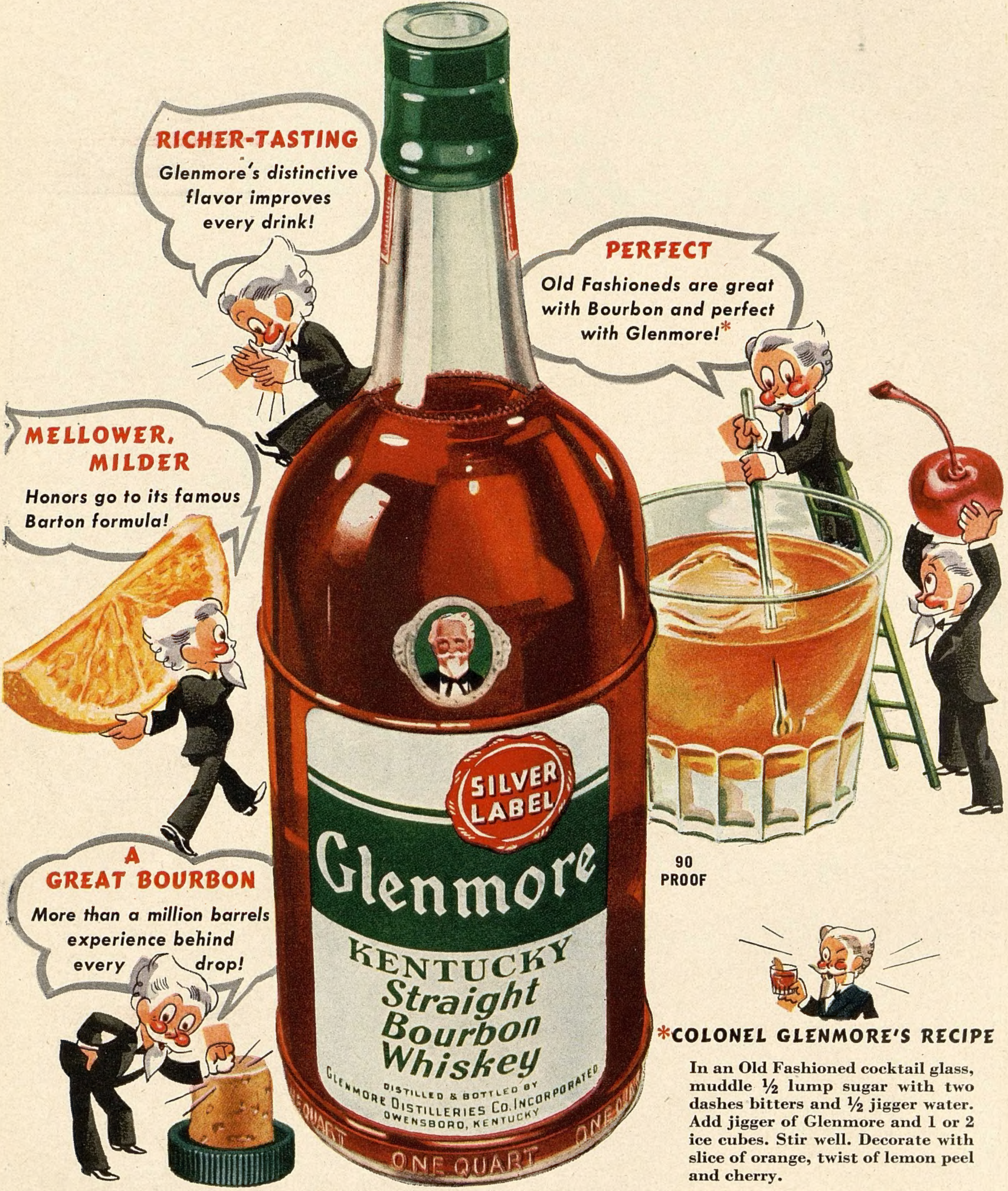
MISSION TO MOSCOW

by Joseph E. Davies

A Great Best Seller—Condensed
IN TWO PARTS

Mildness makes Glenmore

KENTUCKY'S GIFT TO FINER DRINKS!


RICHER-TASTING
Glenmore's distinctive flavor improves every drink!
PERFECT
Old Fashioneds are great with Bourbon and perfect with Glenmore!*
MELLOWER, MILDER
Honors go to its famous Barton formula!
A GREAT BOURBON
More than a million barrels experience behind every drop!
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY
ONE QUART
90 PROOF

***COLONEL GLENMORE'S RECIPE**

In an Old Fashioned cocktail glass, muddle ½ lump sugar with two dashes bitters and ½ jigger water. Add jigger of Glenmore and 1 or 2 ice cubes. Stir well. Decorate with slice of orange, twist of lemon peel and cherry.

This drink was originated over half a century ago on Derby Day at the famed Pendennis Club in Louisville, Ky., home of Glenmore.

Copr., 1942
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

POUR GLENMORE . . YOU GET MORE

The Acorn becomes the Oak,
The Boy becomes the Man!

In his Face you can see his Dream,
In his Eyes you can read his Future!

We see him Confident and Reliant and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HIS EYES see only far horizons—his are dreams of a future that our own grim days cannot shadow. Fortunate young American. How confidently he can hope to face the future—strong and healthy and *smiling*.

Yes, *smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. Today, in classrooms* all over the land, youngsters like this are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling, attractive smiles.

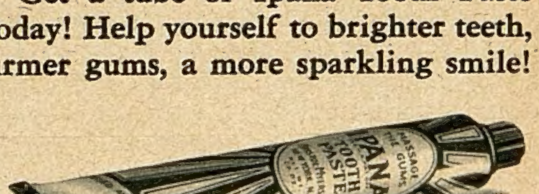
These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know that gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush ... *see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly but, with massage, to aid your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today! Help yourself to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

THE BIG JOB FOR THE BIG MEN

Baltimore, Md.—I desire to commend the editorial in the February 14 issue of Liberty, Why Not Use These Able Men?

I certainly think if there was ever a time when politics should take a vacation, it is now. The welfare of our country and our way of life is at stake and it behooves those of all political beliefs to shove partisanship into the background and put their shoulders to the wheel.—*Stanley R. Shores.*

St. Helena, Calif.—The gentlemen you mention in your February 14 editorial have enjoyed the glory of their day. Now, if they are the patriots we believe them to be, they are going to do everything in their sphere of influence to support the President. I hope they will do all they can to defeat Hitler and the Japs and at the same time help to sustain and encourage the man that now leads democracy.—*Lola Allis.*

DON'T WORRY: IT'S STILL THE BIG IDEA

Piney Flats, Tenn.—I read in Old Sarge and from other sources that a common complaint in our army camps is lack of amusement. I notice, too, lots of pictures showing girls dancing for the soldiers. I ask anybody, is this war going to be danced out? Soldiers need amusement, but the big idea is to be soldiers first.—*Sam Hughes.*

CALL FOR THE REAL McCOY

Pine Camp, N. Y.—How can a Broadway outsider in his paneled office know the tempo and rhythm of camp and war? Give us some top-notch performers, yes, but not merely cavorting in "family trade" skits. Let us write our scenes—on our army, and cities and towns we left behind; and girls and jobs, and why this war; and real army laughter; and everything else that concerns us.

Keep us working and thinking and remembering and hoping and joking. We are lyricists and gagmen and dramatists in our barrack life every day. We can breathe authentic jazz and slang and kick into our stuff.

Gentlemen of the U. S. O., don't feed us made-to-order mush. We're on the firing line and we want the real McCoy.—*Private A. L. Chanin.*

NO'S AND AN AYE FOR GERALD McCANN

Columbus, Ohio—As we view it, the language in Man to Man, by Gerald McCann (January 31 Liberty), must be challenged. The agency that carries on the research work for our association at Pennsylvania State College has in its files data on the prolongation of the life of clothing by scientific commercial cleaning. Their research work indicates that home dry cleaning is not comparable to that of a dry-cleaning plant and subjects people to the dangers of inflammable solvents.

Please rest assured we are cognizant of the need for the average person to give more care to their clothes during the present emergency.—*Victor L. Keys, Executive Secretary, Ohio State Association of Dyers and Cleaners.*

Harrisburg, Pa.—The author of Man to Man has evidently never had any experience with a good dry cleaner or he would not have made the statements in the second to last paragraph. As president of the Pennsylvania State Association of Cleaners and Dyers, I am writing in behalf of the men and women who have made the dry-cleaning industry a real service to their patrons.—*Harold M. Fleisher.*

St. Paul, Minn.—The writer has been in the tailoring business for the past thirty-five years, and has long been making many of the recommendations that Mr. McCann makes.—*George Dejmek.*

TALK FROM AN UNCLE—MAY OR MAY NOT BE DUTCH

Skaneateles, N. Y.—Regarding the article Man to Man: Why fret about wearing apparel for "the duration"? All that each one of us needs anyhow is a pair of overalls—and a smile. —*Uncle Wes.*

IT DOES SORT OF LOOK SO

Austin, Minn.—I have read with a great deal of interest A Quiz by the Quiz Kids (February 14 Liberty). I believe that Genesis 5:12-21 tells us that in a four-generation picture, Methuselah being the youngest, the other men would be Enoch, his father; Jared, his grandfather; and Mahalaleel, his great-grandfather. Therefore, is not question 21 incorrectly answered? — *Mrs. Stanley Engelman.*

WE'RE PROUD TO KNOW THIS, SIR

Olney, Ill.—I am seventy-seven years old, a ranking member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and am active in the Grand Lodge. Last night I had February 7 Liberty with me and had the editorial read in open lodge. I wish you could have heard the handclapping.—*Charles S. Langton.*

MISS 1942, WOULD YOU STAND FOR THIS?

Amesbury, Mass.—The reference to Grand Rapids furniture in a recent article in Liberty reminds me of the snobbery of the turn of the century when a woman's social standing depended on whether her clothes, table linen, and furniture were "made by hand," and the worst food she cooked was considered better than "store food."—*Caroline Williams Carter, "Old-Timer."*

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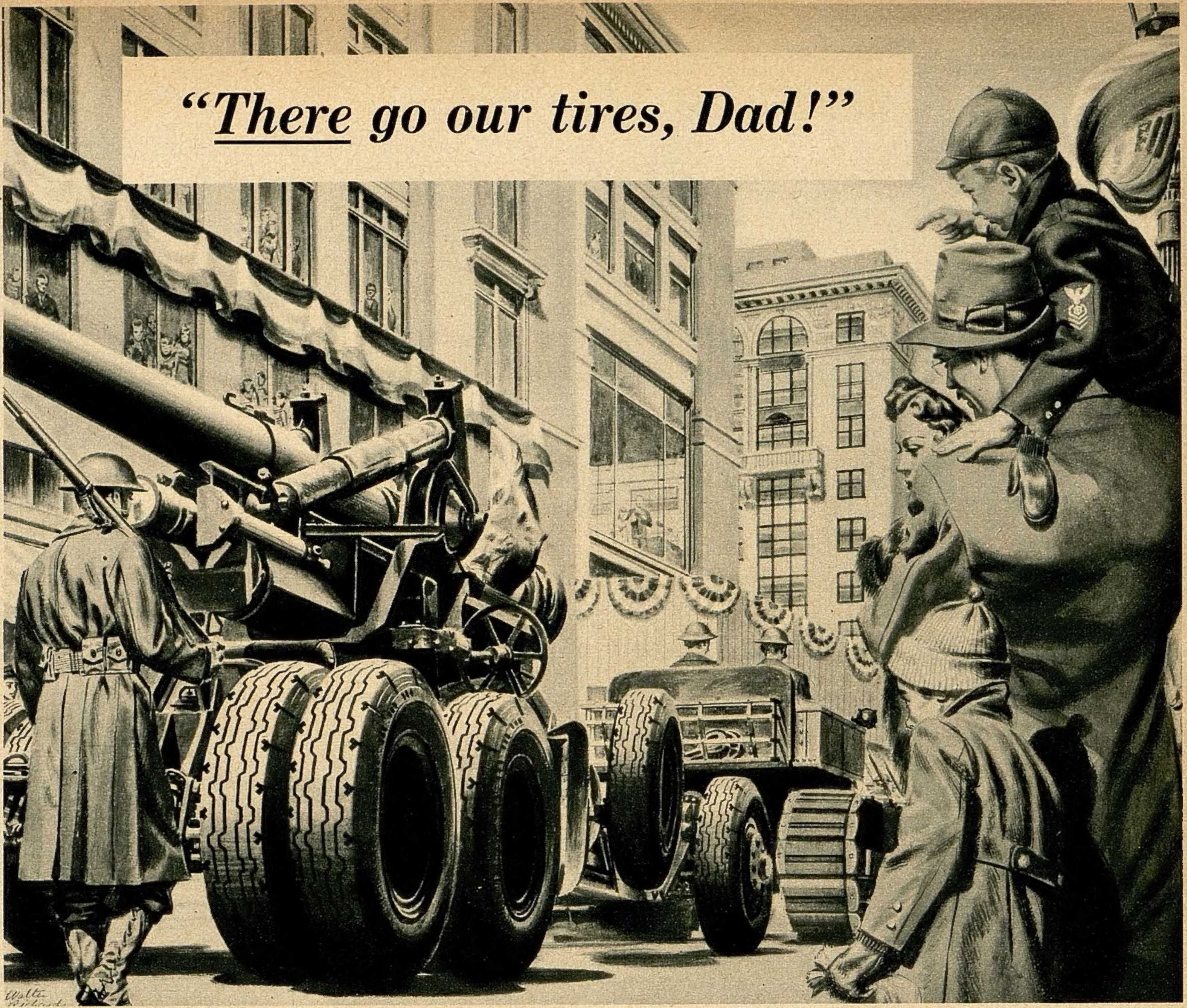

"*There* go our tires, Dad!"

TODAY millions of motorists are riding on the last set of tires they may be able to buy for a long time. Many of us may have to go without our cars entirely.

Is this a big sacrifice? Or only a little one? That depends upon how you look at it.

It's a big sacrifice if your life is wholly made up of little things. Like driving to the station, taking a Sunday afternoon spin, or motoring to the movies.

But it's very little if you focus your eyes upon the big objective—a world run for free people—a world where our children may have a normal chance for happiness.

For there are, after all, many things more important than tires. There's the right to think, and talk, and worship as we like. There is, in fact, everything that generations before us have thought worthy of sacrifices far beyond any we are asked to make.

Your tires (the ones you might have bought) are serving you a thousand times better where they are. For rubber moves the army and sails the navy. One battleship needs the rubber of 10,345 tires. Our bombers and fighters could not fly without rubber. Tanks, trucks, scout cars, and gun mounts need it by the thousands of tons.

If you could know in detail how vitally our armed forces need rubber, you might well say, "I'm glad they took my tires in time!"

We at The B. F. Goodrich Company are not finding the going easy, either. It is not a simple thing to break the routine of 71 years overnight.

But all these things are small in the face of the great objective. Total victory for American ideals merits the utmost any of us can give . . . to the last penny and the last pound of food, if need be.

For we of America are not in the habit of doing things halfway. We have staked everything we have, or hope for, that we can and *will* beat the dictator powers into submission. Isn't it true that going without tires is, after all, a little thing?

Your B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Store or Dealer is "Tire Information Headquarters" for your community. Here you can get the latest information on government regulations. You can find whether or not your present tires can be repaired, recapped or retreaded. Possibly you can buy a good used tire. And —if you are permitted to buy new tires— you can get new Silvertowns.

BFG

How to make your tires last longer

1. Do not run a tire constantly on the same wheel.
2. Do not take corners at high speed.
3. Never slam on your brakes—except to prevent an accident.
4. Have your wheel alignment, front and rear, checked regularly.
5. Don't drive at high speed.
6. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels and grind off rubber.
7. Do not bump into curbs—no tire will stand such abuse.

Remember, every ounce of rubber you save helps your country.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Fitzgerald Twins see amazing proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

"CHECK" says Bernice, radio network accountant

"DOUBLE-CHECK" says Bernadette, Chicago business girl

"We used to dare teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me! We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Bernadette chose another well-known leading brand."

"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone we met remarked about it. My teeth became *twice as bright* as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent Tooth Powder's the choice of the whole family now!"

"Seeing was Believing! Nothing but Pepsodent for Us!"

FITZGERALD TWIN TEST CONFIRMS THIS FACT: INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST... PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

For the safety of your smile... use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

THIS WEEK

March 21, 1942

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★ ★ ★ ★

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

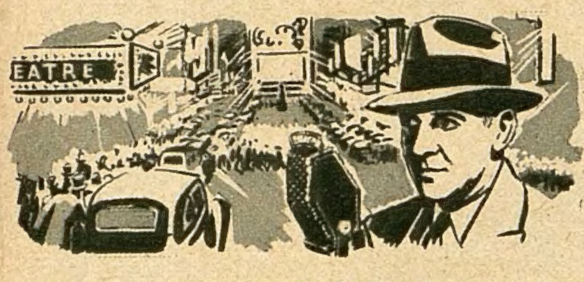
COVER BY CZERMANSKI

NEXT WEEK

March 28, 1942

WALTER WINCHELL—AMERICAN PHENOMENON

No other country in the world could have produced Winchell. He is as definitely a part of the United States scene as ham and eggs, buckwheat cakes and syrup. He is not some one that you can take or leave alone. You *can't* be neutral about him. Either you admire him—or else! From his early days as a barely paid vaudeville actor and item gleaner for newspapers, Winchell has become the most widely known and read columnist in the world. On the way he has dipped into more vivid and sensational events than probably any other one man. A colorful account of these—and Winchell's part in them—begins in Liberty next week. Fred Allhoff wrote it, and he knows his subject from A to Z.



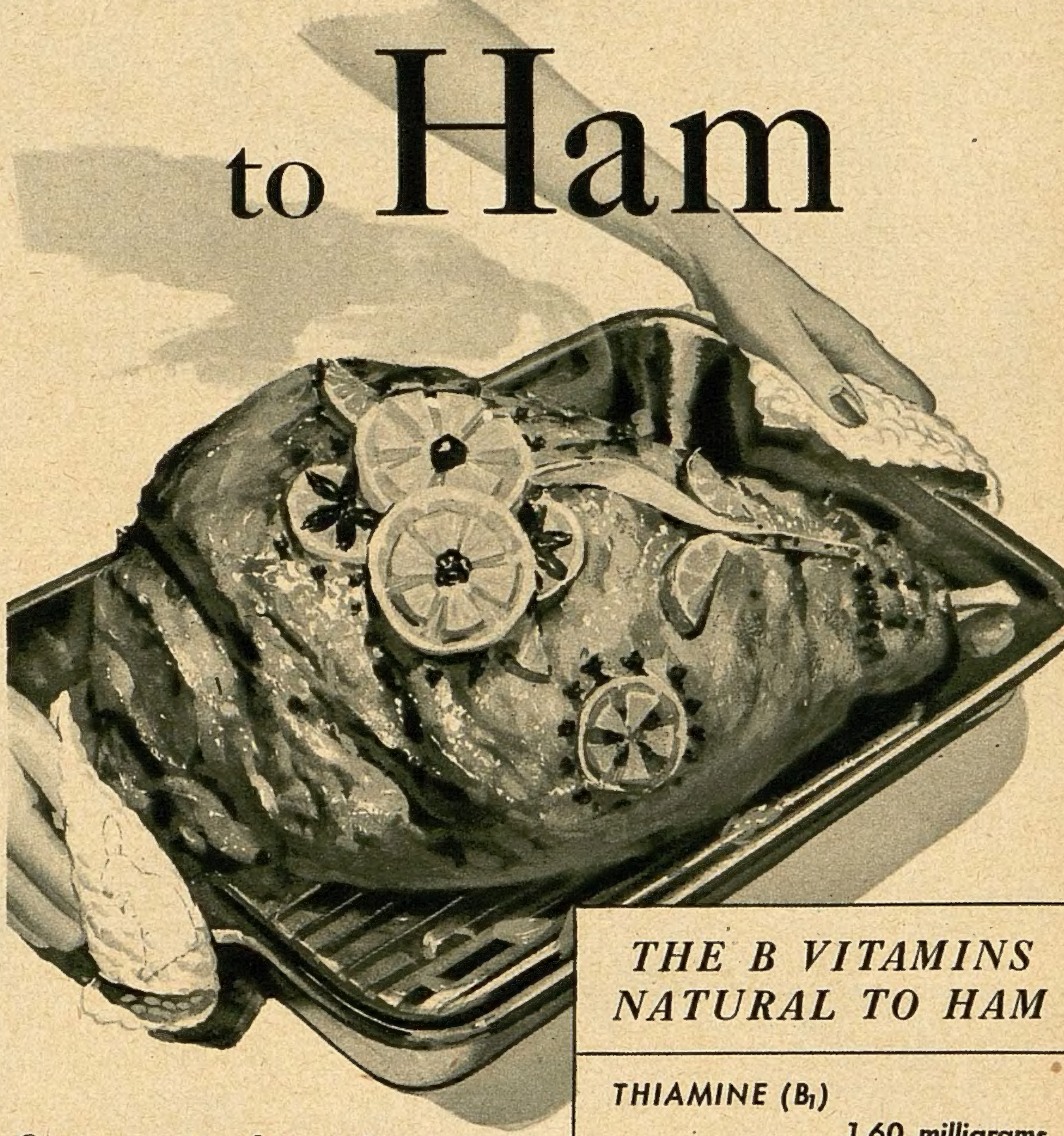
ARE OPERATIONS NECESSARY?

One of those questions that can't be answered "yes" or "no." One of the questions that most of us face sooner or later on the road from the cradle. Morris Markey in Liberty next week presents to you a careful writer's careful analysis of bloodless surgery—its possibilities, its limitations. An article you'll want to read; an article you probably will want to *keep*.

SKY EYES

He was born to fly. Even his eyes had the color of the high sky in them. Yet when love came to him, they clouded. A gripping love story of a flying cadet and the girl he wanted to marry, brought to you by Gordon Ramsey.

ALSO: the second and concluding installment of the condensation of Joseph E. Davies' best seller, Mission to Moscow; a pointed article on our navy by Admiral Bradley A. Fiske; more short stories; a generous installment of Elswyth Thane's serial; also our usual features and departments.



The B Vitamins *Natural* to Ham

THE B VITAMINS NATURAL TO HAM

THIAMINE (B_1)	1.60 milligrams
RIBOFLAVIN (G or B_2)	.34 milligram
ANTI-PELLAGRA VITAMIN	11.0 milligrams

(The figures above are typical for ¼-pound edible portion before cooking)

Our appetites have always made us partial to ham. Now science justifies the natural appeal of this delicious and savory food.

Science now recognizes in ham (as well as in all pork, fresh or smoked) nutritional essentials which the body needs.

The B vitamins (as shown in chart) are recognized as necessary to healthy nerves, good appetite and the best possible growth of children. Your government is urging an adequate supply of them as part of the national health-for-victory program.

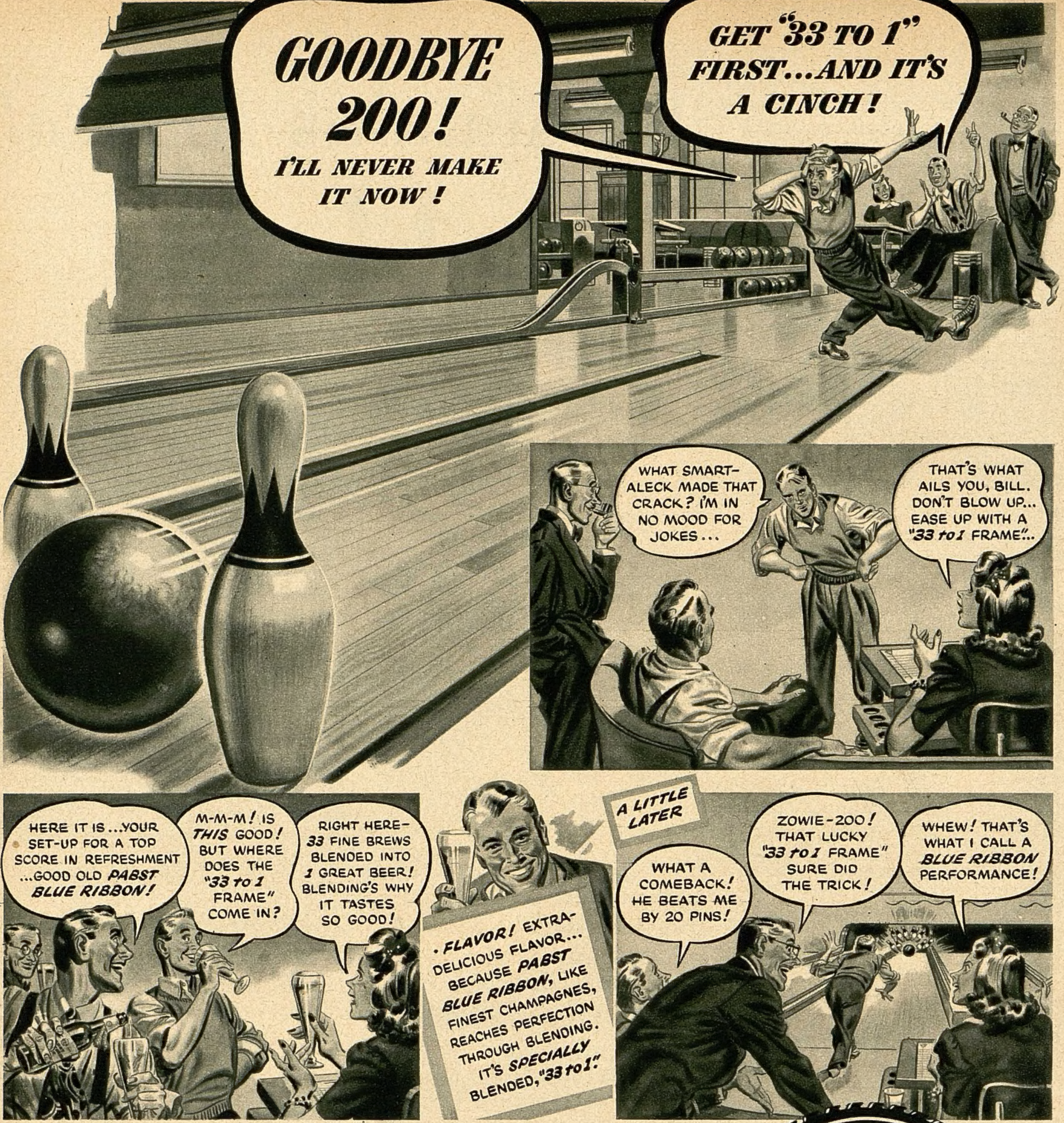
Ham not only brings you these vitamins but also is rich in complete, high quality proteins and contains essential minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus).

Remember, these essentials (B vitamins, proteins, minerals) are not stored in the body to any appreciable extent—they must be supplied daily in the foods you eat.

The thrifty ham shank and butt end contain these essentials just as do the center slices. Write for new 48-page purse-size handbook of thriftier cuts of meat—what to ask for, how to prepare them. A buying and cooking guide to more than 80 thrifty cuts. Just send 5 cents in coin to Dept. P.

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • *Chicago*


GOODBYE 200! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT NOW!
GET "33 TO 1" FIRST...AND IT'S A CINCH!
WHAT SMART-ALECK MADE THAT CRACK? I'M IN NO MOOD FOR JOKES...
THAT'S WHAT AILS YOU, BILL. DON'T BLOW UP... EASE UP WITH A "33 to 1 FRAME"...
HERE IT IS...YOUR SET-UP FOR A TOP SCORE IN REFRESHMENT ...GOOD OLD PABST BLUE RIBBON!
M-M-M! IS THIS GOOD! BUT WHERE DOES THE "33 to 1 FRAME" COME IN?
RIGHT HERE— 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO 1 GREAT BEER! BLENDING'S WHY IT TASTES SO GOOD!
• FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 to 1".
A LITTLE LATER
WHAT A COMEBACK! HE BEATS ME BY 20 PINS!
ZOWIE-200! THAT LUCKY "33 to 1 FRAME" SURE DID THE TRICK!
WHEW! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BLUE RIBBON PERFORMANCE!

Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON BEER

Friendly Pabst Blue Ribbon *always* scores you tops in refreshment. The reason? Extra-delicious flavor that only the blending of 33 fine brews can bring you. This has made it a favorite everywhere, and the leading beer in the homes of all America.

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles and on draft at better places everywhere.

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

Copyright 1942, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

JUST WHO IS UNCLE SAM?

☆ UNCLE SAM wants men!
Uncle Sam wants money!
Uncle Sam wants this, that, and the other thing— those tires and cars you can't get, those dollars in the pay envelope that won't go into your own pocket, the young men from your block or your home who are told to forget the plans they've made and put on a uniform.

Did you ever ask yourself who "Uncle Sam" is?

He isn't the Army, the Supply Board, or the Tax Collector. He isn't the President or the Man in the Street. He is a lot of people, living and dead—and something that lives in them.

Uncle Sam is the fellow who thumbed his nose at the redcoats and dumped a boatload of tea into Boston Harbor. Uncle Sam is a bandy-legged youth named Ben Franklin who walked into Philadelphia with the dogs yapping after him, and who stayed there to establish a reputation as scientist and statesman which sent him to the court of Louis XV as United States ambassador. He is the homely boy from Illinois who wrote the Gettysburg Address, the puny lad from New York who grew up to be the Colonel of the Rough Riders.

Who is Uncle Sam? He is the dreamer who first made a boat propel itself by steam, the farmer boy who put together the first reaper, the visionary who drove a pair of rails through Indian country into California. He is Ford and Kettering and the spirit of Walter Chrysler—men with strong hands and tough, clever brains, who have made Detroit a name to frighten little dictators.

Uncle Sam isn't any one man. He is a spirit, a will, a way of doing things that marks us Americans and our country. He is what makes us Americans, not just the descendants of those English, Irish, Polish, or Swedish wanderers who came here generations back. He is proud, two-fisted, full of enterprise. He is a distillation of all the divine purpose, the deviltry, the dollar worship, or what have you, that moved our ancestors away from their homelands years ago and over the oceans to the unexplored New World. He is a compound of Irish cockiness and Dutch determination, of English fortitude and French ingenuity, of Balkan shrewdness and Nordic self-reliance. He has the German talent for mechanics, the African's and Italian's ear for melody, the Gallic urge to dream, to create.

Out of this has come a drive, a gusto, an energy which marks us as Americans—a wayward strength which makes us do the foolish things, the mighty and the beautiful things we have done as Americans.

Uncle Sam is simply the best of you and me, and the way we want to live. He is what we want this land to be—free, and tough and tempestuous . . . and tender. Yes, tender. He is the Red Cross, and relief ships, and free planes, guns, tanks he might have kept for himself last year but sent to hard-pressed friends around the world who needed them worse. When some one else is in trouble, he is the most open-handed sucker in the world. Lots of people, between wars, call him Uncle Sap.

They don't call him that now. He has his coat off and his sleeves rolled up—and a look in his eye that means business. He isn't the quaint old hillbilly with the chin whiskers and tight pants any more. He is hard-boiled Donald Nelson, wading through a mess of alphabet soup in Washington to get our war production rolling. He is Colin Kelly, diving out of the clouds in a burning plane for one more crack at the Japs. He is a line of young fellows waiting quietly outside the recruiting office with their jaws set—and a line of mothers, sisters, and older folks waiting at the Defense Stamp windows in their post offices. Waiting quietly, with their jaws set.

He is you and me, neighbor. You and me, and a hundred and thirty million more Americans who are willing to give up their new cars and luxuries and leisure time, willing to pay a staggering tax and higher ones yet to come—willing to spill some blood, sweat, and tears of their own to keep Uncle Sam's country a land where the free and the brave are still free to live by their own beliefs, to worship, to quarrel, to love and build as free men—so help us God!

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WHAT HAPPENED BEFOR

A look at Japan's spy-machine in the U. S. A. . . . Now it can be unmasked

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ THE stocky little man with the yellow skin and the sharp oval eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles strolled casually along the right bank of the Nisqually River until he reached the high railway bridge near the town of Elbe, Washington.

He was ageless, like the race from which he had sprung. Between forty and eighty there is little change in the appearance of the healthy Japanese, and this man had the agility of an athlete. Yet he had the quiet poise of age. He was, as a matter of fact, sixty.

As if fascinated by the graceful spans of the bridge above him, he stopped, threw open his coat, stood gazing upward; then, passing his hand around his middle as if to loosen or tighten the belt which held up his American-made trousers, he rebuttoned his coat and scrambled on under the bridge until he reached the farther side. There he turned, threw open his coat again, adjusted his belt again, and crawled up the steep bank to the tracks above.

Up and down the tracks he looked, his coat once more thrown open, his belt once more apparently in need of adjustment. Then he minced his way from tie to tie until he had reached the middle of the bridge, where more coat opening and belt adjusting took place. Finally he gained the other side, repeated his gestures, and was about to descend to the bank below when he walked into the stern gaze of curious bystanders.

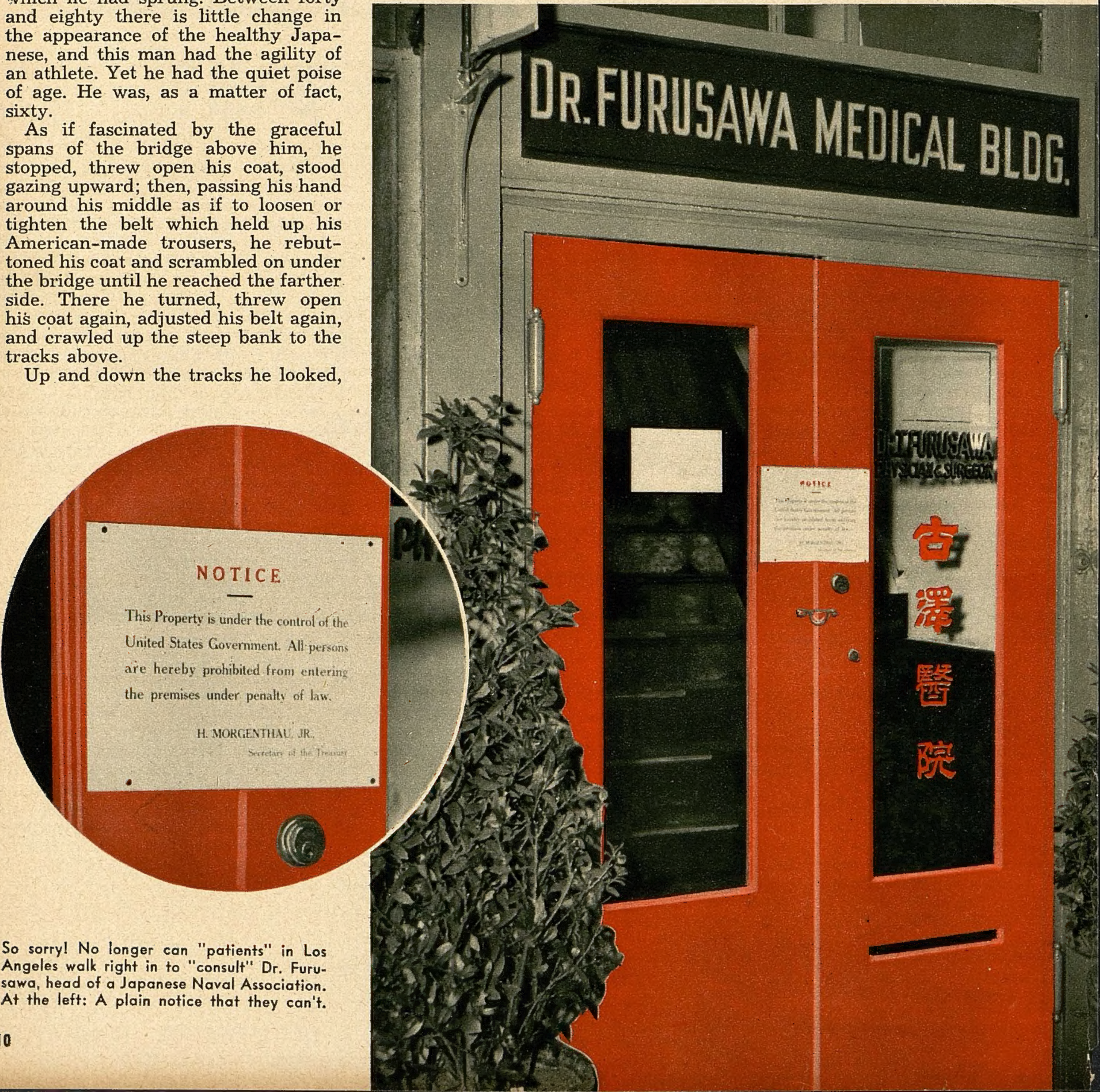
"What do you mean by photographing this bridge from every angle?" demanded one loyal citizen.

"I no spik English," replied the Jap.

"Well, you can use an English camera all right—or is it German?"

Closer inspection of the tiny camera of the candid type attached to his belt revealed it was German!

The Jap insisted that he didn't speak English. His protestations, however, were wasted on the G-men when the facts were reported to them. They knew him to be not only a master of the English tongue but a prom-



NOTICE

This Property is under the control of the United States Government. All persons are hereby prohibited from entering the premises under penalty of law.

H. MORGENTHAU, JR.
Secretary of the Treasury

So sorry! No longer can "patients" in Los Angeles walk right in to "consult" Dr. Furusawa, head of a Japanese Naval Association. At the left: A plain notice that they can't.

PEARL HARBOR

inent, wealthy, influential, and highly cultured leader of Japanese-American society. One of his sons was a graduate of a famous Eastern university, another of a Pacific Coast university, and a third an undergraduate at the latter institution. G-men also knew that three of his sons were in the Japanese army and one was promoted after the Shanghai engagement.

So influential in his own country was this Japanese alien, who did not hesitate to do personally the snooping duties of a common spy, that when a consul of the Imperial Japanese government failed to agree with him, the consul was immediately withdrawn on orders from Tokyo.

And why was this Japanese citizen, who had been in America for twenty-one years, so powerful with his home country?

Because he was president of one of the prominent quasi-secret societies of the type through which Buddhist and Shinto priests in the United States operated to spread subversive propaganda and collect military and naval data for transmission to Japan.

The Bureau of Religion is part of the Japanese Ministry of Education, which, through the Bureau head, has sole power to appoint and dismiss priests and to regulate and direct their movements and acts "under measures of restraint against religious preaching, rituals, or conduct contrary to the provisions of the Constitution." In short, Japanese religion is government-controlled, and its servants are servants of the emperor. As a result, Shinto and Buddhist temples in America, and also, of course, in Hawaii, have been potential hotbeds of Japanese propaganda and espionage.

The priests, for the most part, confined their personal efforts to the spreading of propaganda and to the collection and forwarding of maps, photographs, blueprints, etc. The actual spy work of the Japanese societies with which they were closely affiliated, as instanced by the riverside activities of the honorable president with the penchant for photography, was performed by the lay members.

Our Japanese aliens organized for every conceivable reputable purpose. Most of these organizations were branches of similar groups in Japan, and were either directly controlled or indirectly dominated by the parent bodies. Every Japanese alien belonged to at least one. Most of the important aliens belonged to six or seven, and thus created an interlocking network.

Most obviously sinister of these organizations was the Nippon Kiagun Kyokai, or Japanese Naval Association, of which Dr. Takashi Furusawa was president.

The doctor was no stranger to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. During those long years when our State Department was struggling so valiantly to avoid war in the Pacific, this Jap intriguer had been allowed to go his way unmolested. But his every move had been watched by John Edgar Hoover and his men—and by evening of the day after Japan's perfidy at Pearl Harbor had freed the G-men's hands, Takashi Furusawa was in custody.

Erect, well proportioned, tall for a Japanese (five feet, eight inches), the round-faced, genial, sixty-two-year-old doctor presented a not unmilitary appearance. Ostensibly he practiced medicine in a three-story house at 117½ Weller Street, Los Angeles. His office occupied the first floor; a private hospital for inpatients—usually visiting Jap naval officers!—accounted for the second; living quarters were on the third. But in spite of a steady influx of "patients," Dr. Furusawa's medical income never exceeded the modest figure of $4,600 a year, a sum which ill conformed with the elaborate dinners and entertainment which he and his wife were continually giving for visiting Japanese naval officers and high officials.

Furusawa first swam into the line of vision of United States law-enforcement forces in 1932, when Takuya Torii, ostensibly a language student but actually a lieutenant commander of the Imperial Japanese navy, ran afoul of a Hollywood traffic jam and lost his life. This dead spy, according to information found on his body after its removal to a funeral parlor, had not only lived with the Furusawas upon his arrival in this country but, up to the day of his death, had been receiving his mail at the Weller Street address. From that moment our genial doctor was a marked man, and, although nearly a decade had to pass before diplomatic policy permitted his arrest, he was seldom out of the sight of the F. B. I.

His next important pop-up on the Los Angeles intrigue horizon was in 1936, when he acted as "postmaster" and "telephone switchboard" in the Harry Thomas Thompson case, which never received the public attention it deserved. Thompson got fifteen years for selling stolen naval papers to one Toshio Miyazaki, of whom more later.

Apparently Furusawa's activities up to this point had been more or less unofficial. Not until the late '30s did he emerge as head of the Nippon Kiagun Kyokai in America. His first move was to establish in Los Angeles what was called a "station" of the society, and then to apply for recognition as a "branch." Early in 1940 the parent society wrote him thanking him for his assistance, and acknowledging receipt of his application for a charter, which was promptly granted—by the Navy Ministry and the Ministry of Communications in Tokyo. Subsequently the parent society wrote him in these significant words:

Harry Thomas Thompson, who got fifteen years for selling, with Dr. Furusawa's aid, American naval secrets to a Jap "language student."

"It is a source of great gratification to us that you are doing such fine work in a foreign country in behalf of the Imperial Navy and of this organization."

Just what the "fine work" was can best be envisaged by referring to the constitution and bylaws of the Japanese body, in which the objectives of the society are frankly set forth as follows:

"1. To establish investigation agencies for the study of and research in domestic and foreign navies, maritime transportation and other maritime matters.

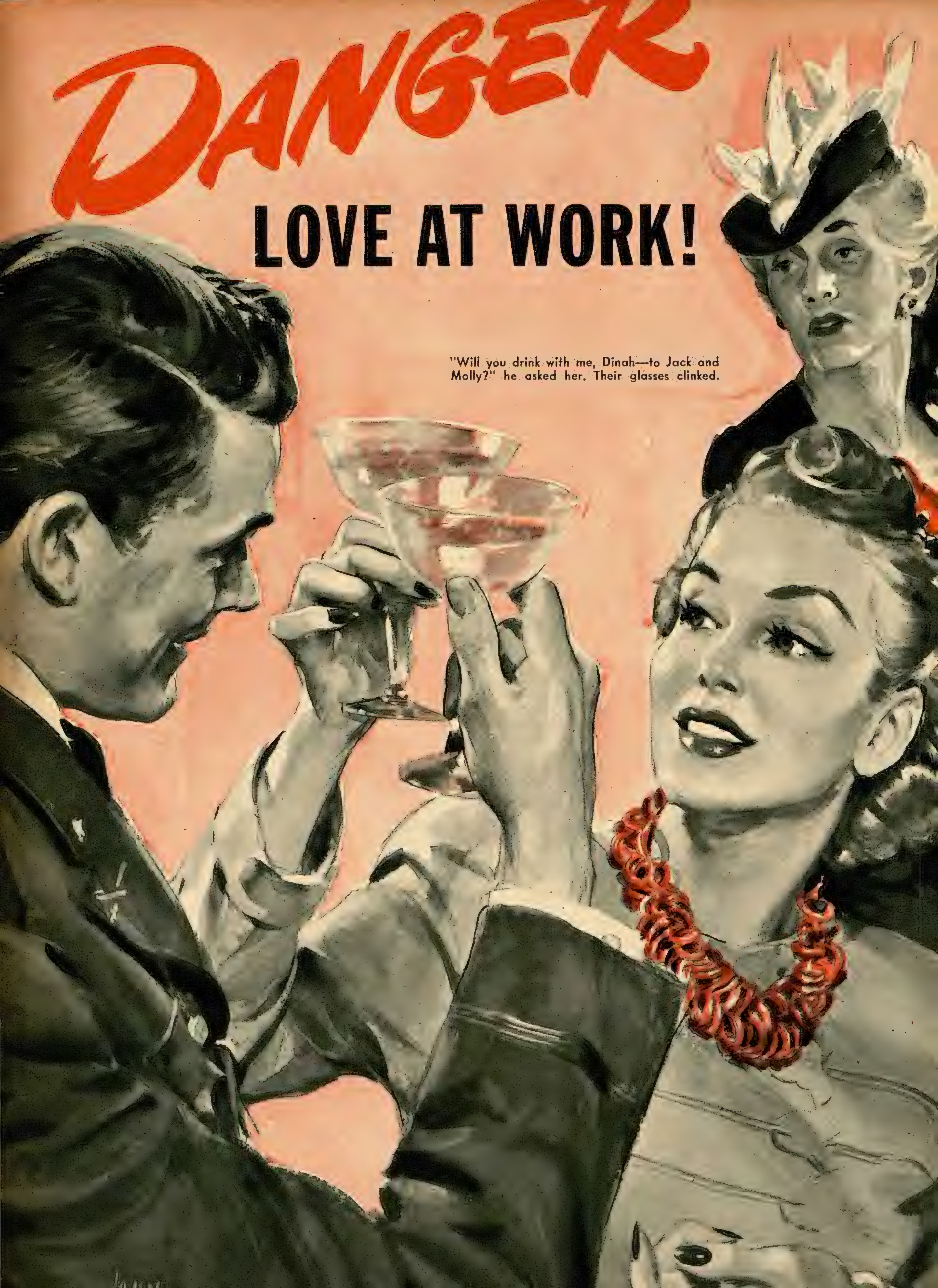
"2. To furnish facilities, needless to say, to members for inspection of battleships, naval bases, etc."

In the printed prospectus privately circulated by the American branch, these objectives were reaffirmed in language which merely paraphrased the original but to which were added specific instructions:

"Members should widen their knowledge in regard to all maritime activities by visiting naval bases, battleships, attending lectures and meetings, etc., in order to have a thorough knowledge in regard to this task."

(Continued on page 33)

DANGER
LOVE AT WORK!



"Will you drink with me, Dinah—to Jack and Molly?" he asked her. Their glasses clinked.

ILLUSTRATOR JOHN GANNAM

Dinah thought she had forgotten—but there's nothing so unpredictable as a woman's heart

BY SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ DINAH was not really asleep when the phone rang early that morning; she merely wished she were. She wanted to keep the bitterly cold outer world at bay a few moments longer—not to pad across the icy floor in her bare feet and close the wide-open window.

"Miss Dinah," called Nettie, the maid, from the foot of the stairs, "it's for you."

Dinah had never been able to persuade Nettie to find out who was calling. With a faintly exasperated smile, she jumped out of bed and went to the extension in the upstairs hall.

"Hello," she said in a soft noncommittal voice. It might be Hubert Ayres, and if it were, Dinah was firmly resolved not to go into town in this weather—certainly not for an hour or two of tea-dancing and listening to all Hubert's excellent reasons for not going into the army. . . . She framed her excuses in her mind as she first lifted the phone—the iced-over roads, the wear and tear on her tires to be considered, the million and one things she had to do at home because she was so seldom here these days. . . .

But the voice which answered hers was an elderly feminine one, breathless with apologies.

"Dinah, dear child, I've been so thoughtless! I absolutely promised Jack I'd phone a whole list of his friends, and then I mislaid the list and the people have been popping into my mind at odd intervals . . . and your name only popped in this very morning at six o'clock, but of course I couldn't call you that early. Only I do hope you'll forgive me and come anyway—you and your father. Will you?"

Miss Caroline Wheaton was a very old friend, and Dinah was honestly fond of her. True, she had been the merest bit hurt at not having been asked to Jack's wedding—but not knowing the bride at all, and realizing the wedding was a very small one, she had swallowed down her disappointment. She had even forgotten that the event was today.

"Father is out of town, Miss Caroline," she explained, "and much as I'd love to come, with the roads as they are and—"

"But, dear, if you don't," insisted Miss Caroline, "Jack simply won't forgive me. Why, you've known each other simply forever—you taught him to play tennis and swim! He'd hate being married without you there."

Dinah listened patiently as the route to the small Connecticut town was explained to her. She wouldn't promise to drive all the way over to Connecticut entirely alone, but she realized it was salving Miss Caroline's conscience to let her give the directions.

"You'll try, at least, won't you, Dinah?"

"Yes," said Dinah, "I really will. But if I don't make it, do please give Jack my love and wish him all the best."

Slowly she put down the phone and walked back into her room to close the window, oblivious of the cold. It scarcely seemed possible that Jack Wheaton was old enough to marry. Only the other day—no, not the other day, but six long years ago—she had taken Jack's tennis in hand. He was sixteen and really good—but not quite as good as Dinah. . . . With a little coaching and a summer of hard practice, he'd made the freshman tennis team at college. He had been such a good clean-cut youngster with his stick-up cowlick of blond hair, his funny serious smile, and the sprinkling of freckles all over his nose. . . . And now, today, he was going to be married. To a girl named Molly Todd, whom Dinah had never seen.

It would be ridiculous to attempt the long chilly drive to Molly Todd's house on the coldest day of the year. . . . Yet Dinah felt a strong inner compulsion to look at this girl who had won Jack. She must be very young—Jack was only twenty-two himself; quite probably she was lovely and—the word jumped into Dinah's mind suddenly—*courageous.* It took courage for the very young to seize on life this way, with such an uncertain future ahead of them. Jack was a corporal in the army, here on a short leave from his post near Savannah. If he took his wife back with him and found quarters for her, they might have a few months together—or a few days. Jack might be transferred, sent anywhere. . . .

Dinah had planned to spend the day usefully. She was going to wash her hair and give it a rather amateurish home set. She had a stack of mending to do for herself and her father. Besides, she was quite tired. It was her only time off from her job in the Motor Corps, and she felt she needed the rest.

Instead, she realized she was going to a war wedding, willy-nilly. The long drive wouldn't do her tires any good, and only last night she had sniffled once or twice and thought she was getting a cold. . . .

I simply can't have a cold, she decided worriedly, because I have to take my first-aid exam Monday morning.

Well, she'd wrap up warmly and take the chemical heating pad from her first-aid kit in case the temperamental car heater didn't work.

She'd been living in her uniform lately and both her really decent dresses were at the cleaner's—so what to wear?

No one will look at me with a bride and bridesmaids in the house, Dinah argued with herself as she fished out an ancient rose-colored wool dress from the depths of the closet. Nettie could press this and it would do. It was warm, at least. Dinah had had it four years ago, but she'd worn it so little it seemed almost new.

The reason for her not wearing it still hurt—but only when Dinah permitted herself to put a probing mental finger on a very old wound she should have forgotten long ago. . . .

When the marriage does not take, she reminded herself severely, the trousseau then ceases to be a trousseau and can be worn for mopping the kitchen floor if necessary.

She slicked a wet comb through her hair and put it in place with bobby pins. During the morning she flew through her duties as housekeeper, remembering to order her father's favorite things for dinner, as he was due back that evening.

"Don't wait for me," she told Nettie, "because I may be very late. It's a long drive."

"Do you think you ought to try it all alone, Miss Dinah?"

Dinah smiled.

"I'm one of those competent gals, Nettie—the kind the Motor Corps prays for. Knowledge of engines, a good hand with flats, don't care if grease gets on nose . . . et cetera. You don't have to worry about *me*."

Nettie gave her the doubtful look of the large woman surveying the small.

"Well, you're awful little, Miss Dinah, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I do mind," said Dinah with dignity, sweeping out of the pantry.

Later in the day, driving over the Whitestone Bridge from Long Island to the Bronx, Dinah was glad she had made the effort. Cold as it was, the day was brilliantly clear and there was something gay and adventurous in setting out for a wedding on a last-minute invitation.

"Whistle while you drive," she chirped off key, and suddenly remembered that it had been a long time since she had felt like whistling. It wasn't a world to whistle in exactly. There was the war, and the necessity to change one's scale of living to meet the new taxes, and the ever-present consciousness that life was slipping by. . . . Dinah was twenty-eight—well, twenty-nine next month, she admitted with a spurt of honesty.

☆

THE Todd house, once reached, was a rewarding picture against its background of snow and cedar trees. Dinah had made good time. It was exactly four o'clock. Miss Caroline was the first person she saw.

"It was dear of you to come, Dinah," she whispered, drawing the girl into the living room. Some one was playing the first strains of the wedding march on a spinet piano in the hall.

The wedding march always made Dinah feel strange and sad. Not many of her friends remembered her engagement, years and years ago; they didn't trouble to be tactful about it any more; it had simply slipped their minds. . . . But Dinah remembered, especially at other people's weddings.

Miss Caroline pressed her hand as they stood in the little group of family and guests who were waiting for the bride.

"Oh, dear," she murmured under her breath—Dinah could scarcely hear her—"I'm so sorry, Dinah, and I hope you'll forgive me. I haven't an excuse in the world except that I—I *forgot!*"

Dinah thought at first she was apologizing again for having asked her so late to Jack's wedding. Then, following Miss Caroline's anxious eyes to the archway of greens that had been put up at one end of the living room, Dinah saw—with a sensation of drowning—what she was supposed to forgive.

Jack was there, waiting for his marriage to begin—and, except that he was in uniform, he looked just the same. Freckled, towheaded, cleanly wholesome. But the man standing at Jack's side was not the same—yet not a stranger.

Miss Caroline looked from this man to Dinah's face, as if to see how she was taking it.

Dinah didn't move; she scarcely seemed to breathe. The hand that was clasped in Miss Caroline's was small and cold.

"I'm so sorry, dear," repeated Miss Caroline unhappily.

"It doesn't matter. Really." Dinah whispered back.

That was all. The two bridesmaids in their drifting yellow tulle frocks were already in the doorway. The bride, Molly, followed on her father's arm.

Lovely, Dinah decided on her first glimpse—young and lovely and—yes, that other thing, too—*courageous.* This girl's grave candid eyes rushed to meet Jack's. She looked completely unafraid of anything the future might bring to her. It was Jack she wanted—not a setting, not wedding presents, not security. . . . Dinah hardly knew why she was so aware of the feeling Molly had for Jack. It wasn't as if she'd seen the bride until this moment.

Molly and Jack were facing the clergyman now, their backs to the room. But Jack's best man had only partly turned; Dinah could still see his profile—browner and stronger, yet so familiar to her it was like a recurrent ache in her heart.

She thought, Michael—in uniform. He's changed. It's not so much that he's older as that he's different. . . . And as if in direct answer, Michael's eyes found and held her own.

It was horrible and frightening to listen to those words this way. Words which she and Michael had planned and promised each other they would say—but which had somehow remained unspoken.

What was that final quarrel anyway? As Dinah remembered it, it had had something to do with whether they would sublet the Willets' penthouse apartment or build on Long Island. It hadn't been especially important in itself, but following a series of minor bickerings, it had stirred anger in each of them. Each had accused the other bitterly and incautiously.

"You seem to be more interested in *where* and *how* we're to live than in the fact we're to live together, Dinah."

"It's important to a woman where she lives. A man has a lot of other interests. If you weren't so absorbed in the bank and playing polo at the Squadron evenings, you might notice or care how I—"

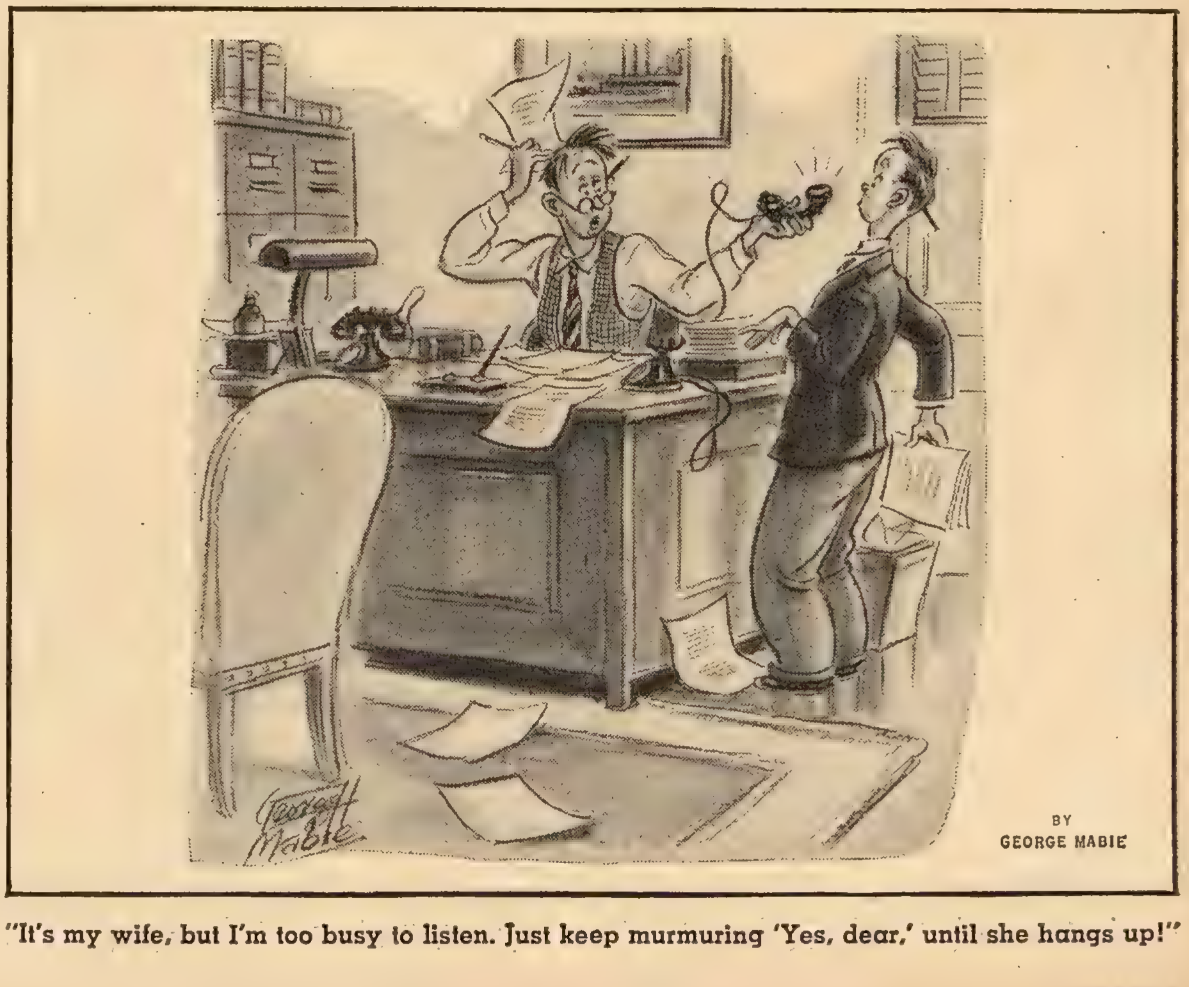
Hot words, followed by cold silence. Then more silence. Michael was transferred to the bank's Paris office. Dinah rushed around town giving competition to the current crop of debs.

It was all a long time ago—almost five years. The world had changed. People were different. . .

If he's changed, thought Dinah with a panicky feeling, what about me? Quite probably Michael was wondering what he had ever seen in her. She wasn't as pretty as she used to be. She'd had no time recently to care for her looks. If you didn't bother with your skin at twenty-eight, the little fine lines started . . . Dinah had a helpless feeling that they were already crisscrossing her face, that her blonde hair had dulled, that she was thinner than she ought to be. . . .

"I pronounce you man and wife," said the clergyman at last.

In a few moments Molly and Jack turned to the room again, their faces radiant. Standing just as they were, against the evergreen arch, they received their wedding guests.



"It's my wife, but I'm too busy to listen. Just keep murmuring 'Yes, dear,' until she hangs up!"

Dinah, following Miss Caroline, was one of the first.

"I—I hope you'll be awfully happy," she told the bride, and there was a queer stinging at her eyelids.

Jack bent and kissed her.

"Gee, it's good to see you, Dinah. I wanted you to meet Molly. I've told her all about you"—he flushed—"about your always having been a sort of yardstick to me—to measure girls against."

Dinah felt even nearer tears, and in her confusion she turned away—and almost ran into Michael.

Molly's mother said quickly, "Miss Baker, have you met Jack's best man, Lieutenant Reardon?"

"I—" began Dinah helplessly.

"Yes, we've met," said Michael. "How are you, Dinah?"

Smoothly, easily, he whisked her away from the receiving line and put her in the direct wake of a tray of champagne.

* * *

"WILL you drink with me, Dinah—to Jack and Molly?" he asked her gravely.

"Of course."

Their glasses clinked and they sipped champagne.

"And to all young people," added Michael in a low voice, "who get life by the tail and hang on."

Dinah nodded stiffly. She knew quite well what he meant. That she and he were the poor of spirit, the let-goes, the ones who had muffed their chance at something real and lasting. . . .

"I like your uniform," she said hastily. "It's very becoming. Where are you stationed?"

"Camp Stewart. There's a transfer in the air, though."

"Where?"

"I wouldn't have the faintest idea. Maybe Alaska, maybe Honolulu—maybe with the new A. E. F., destination unknown." He looked down at her, smiling. "Now tell me about you. Are you still being a glamour girl? You look it."

"Thanks. I'm afraid I'm more of a grease monkey these days—Motor Corps."

"Good stuff."

Miss Caroline caught up with them at that moment, a youngish older man at her elbow.

"Dinah dear, I want you to meet Mr. Hornblow, Molly's bachelor uncle."

Dinah flushed. Miss Caroline was so obvious in her determination to separate the two people who shouldn't have met—to bridge over an awkwardness which might spoil Jack's wedding reception.

Michael stood back politely as Mr. Hornblow took over. He stayed in the background all the while Dinah made floundering attempts at conversation: "The bride looks lovely. Is she really your *niece*, Mr. Hornblow? Unbelievable! . . . Oh, yes, I've known Jack Wheaton simply ages."

When Mr. Hornblow had been seized again by one of the bridesmaids, Dinah knew there was no escape from Michael's searching gaze. He seemed determined to enjoy her confusion.

DEEP SEA
SPONGES
HALF PRICE ALL WEEK
JIMMY CABORN

"By the way, how are all your folks?"

BY JIMMY CABORN

"Well, Michael," she said recklessly, "any more questions in the quiz game?"

"Yes. I observe you're not married. Engaged?"

"No. I was engaged once and didn't like it."

"Neither did I," said Michael coolly. "Shake."

They clasped hands briefly. Dinah was conscious of Miss Caroline's horrified expression across the room. "Oh, dear, those two together again—and it's too awkward, really. . . ."

"They say an unhappy quarrelsome engagement makes a wretched marriage," remarked Dinah in a husky voice, "so I guess we were lucky to get out in time."

"Funny," Michael observed irrelevantly, "all the things we used to fight about no longer exist."

"What, for instance?"

He grinned maddeningly.

"Well, take the controversy of the penthouse apartment versus the country house. If you'd married me, you would now have—neither. The house would be closed or rented, the apartment lease allowed to end. A second louie's pay, you know . . ."

"And the polo and drill nights at the Squadron?" Dinah reminded him.

"The army has me full time now. You'd have to like it or lump it. You'd never be sure of my being home for dinner. As fast as you put up chintz curtains and junk in a hotel room, you'd be moved to another post. There wouldn't even be time to argue. The pace has been stepped up."

"Evidently," said Dinah, her throat feeling dry and tight.

"Those kids—" and Michael nodded in the direction of Jack and Molly. "Have you seen their wedding presents upstairs? They've only about a tenth of the stuff we had to send back to the donors. . . . Even so, they'll have to put the breakables in storage, and take along a few easily packed things. That's not bad. It's not the things they'll do without; it's doing without each other that will hurt them when the time comes."

"Without—each other?" echoed Dinah painfully.

"Suppose he gets sent to a place where he can't take her. She'll simply have to come home and sit around and wait—like a lot of other women."

Yes, thought Dinah, I know. That's what I've been doing for years and years—sitting in the wings, waiting. . . .

"Look," said Michael suddenly. "I drove out here with Jack, but I need a lift back to town. You're Motor Corps—will you drive me?"

"Of course," said Dinah stiffly, "but you always hated the way I drove, and it probably hasn't changed much."

"After a bumpy jeep, it mightn't be so bad."

Once a remark like that would have made her angry, but now Dinah realized she didn't flare up as easily. There simply wasn't time. But she dreaded the long drive back to New York with Michael.

Even seeing him now, in a group of other people, started an old wound throbbing again.

"We have lots to talk about," said Michael maddeningly.

"I can't imagine what."

"Why you haven't married, for instance."

"Perhaps I haven't been asked," said Dinah demurely.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

The bride and groom left at five thirty in the groom's shabby roadster.

"We're using it up," Jack laughed when some one commented on its dilapidated state. "We figure the tires will last for a two-day honeymoon, probably not a minute longer."

"Your car is practically new," pointed out Michael to Dinah. "Watch out that some one doesn't marry you for your tires."

"I'm too smart."

"I wonder."

The wedding was over. The bride's mother looked close to tears, and the champagne was depleted.

"O. K., let's go," said Michael, putting down his glass.

"We have to say good-by to people first."

"No, we don't. Bound to start talk. Let's just scram." He took Dinah's hand and propelled her gently to the coat closet under the stairs. While she wriggled into her fur coat, he pulled her scarf up around her ears.

"Why don't you squeak, 'Stop! You're mussing my hair'?" he asked her in a low amused voice.

"I used to have a long bob," said Dinah evenly, "and now it's short and doesn't muss easily."

"I like it," he said.

"It's for convenience. I don't care whether any one likes it or not."

"Liar."

They slipped out the terrace door into the frosty dark.

"Did any one see us?" said Dinah nervously.

"Sure. Miss Wheaton is about to run to the telephone to tell Walter Winchell."

Dinah took the driver's seat in the car, then abruptly slid over.

"You drive, Mike."

He grinned. "That's the girl. I'll get us farther faster."

"I'm too tired to argue with you."

They went several miles along the parkway in uneasy silence, then Michael spoke: "Look, Dinah. Tell me the truth. Why haven't you married? You're twenty-nine."

"Why haven't you? You're thirty-two and a half."

"Didn't fall in love again," he explained tersely.

"Nor I."

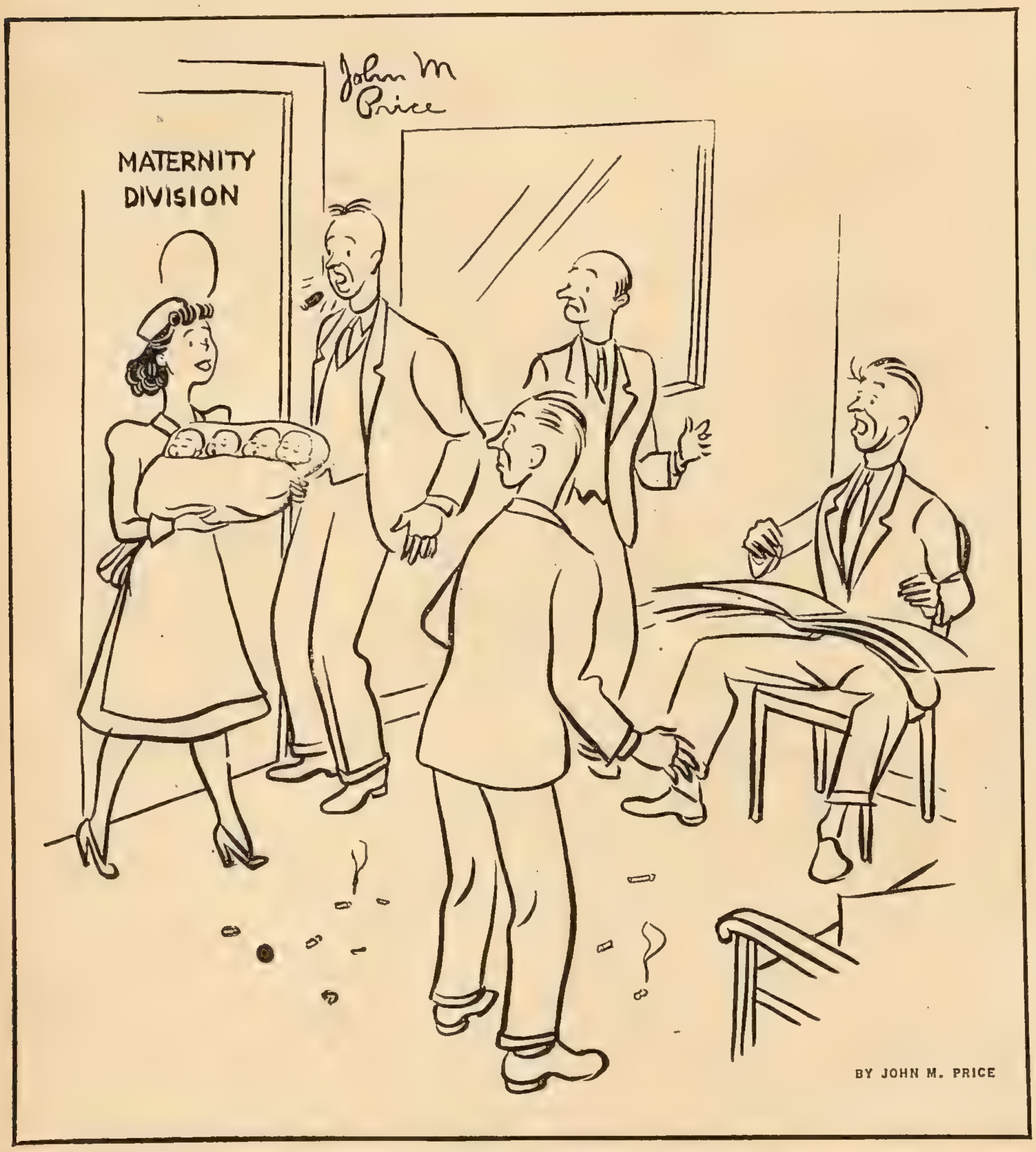
"Is that all?" he persisted.

"Isn't it good and sufficient reason?"

"I guess so, but—"

"But what?"

"How do you know whether you're in love or not? Maybe the symptoms are different when you are older."



"Don't be startled—just one apiece!"

"There's a perfectly good way to tell," said Dinah in a cool small voice. "If you're kissed and you don't feel a thing—you're not in love."

"I see," said Michael stiffly. "Have you been kissed—quite often?"

"Quite," murmured Dinah. She was smiling, but it was dark and he couldn't know that. Actually, the last time she had let herself be kissed was in June at a Beach Club dance, by Hubert Ayres. Poor Hubert. It hadn't meant a thing and had never seemed worth repeating.

"Don't you think it's rather silly to talk about love-making now—when we're at war and trying to keep the whole world from going to pot?" Dinah said gravely.

"No."

"Well, I do."

For answer Michael took the first exit from the parkway and drove along a dark deserted side road.

"We'd make better time on the Merritt," said Dinah rather breathlessly.

"I have three days to get back to camp."

"I—I'm expected home for dinner."

"Too bad you won't make it."

"Mike, what are you doing?"

"Parking."

He brought the car to an abrupt stop.

"I'm going to see to it, Dinah, that you won't forget me when I'm gone. . . . I used to argue with you too much. I should have said 'Shut up' and kissed you . . . like this."

"No—oh, Mike, no—"

He kept on kissing her till she relaxed in his arms. Then, in a husky voice, he murmured:

"See? That's the only way to handle a girl like you."

*

SHE sat up angrily.

"How dare you come back and —and take advantage of the fact we used to be engaged to each other to—to act like a soldier on leave!"

"Isn't that what I am—a soldier on leave?"

"Yes, but I don't have to spend your leave with you."

"You don't *have* to, Dinah," he said gently, pulling her back in his arms, "but you will."

"I most certainly won't." Dinah's cheeks were hot. "I'm sorry I gave you the wrong impression, Michael, but I really don't—neck. I haven't kissed a man since June, and then it was Hubert Ayres—you remember him. I—I thought of marrying him, but I found I simply couldn't."

"Why don't you think of marrying me?" said Michael, his face close. "Then this would be perfectly all right."

"We decided not to marry long ago," she reminded him, a pulse beating strongly in her throat.

"Exactly. We decided not to marry long ago, but that has nothing to do with *now*."

"We don't know each other any more." Now the small pulse was pounding.

"We would. You'd be surprised how

well people get to know each other after a few weeks in a one-room apartment measuring twelve by twelve.”

Dinah nodded, unable to speak.

“Dinah, have you the nerve to try? I’ve thought of you so much. The months I’ve been in the army seem to have brought you into my mind more than ever before. We’re still young. This war may last indefinitely. I want my wife with me as long as possible—and I’ve never considered marrying any girl but you. You’re my wife, Dinah. . . .”

She understood so well what he was trying to say. Tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of all the funny little ways in which he’d always seemed hers . . . whenever she heard a hurdy-gurdy in the spring, whenever an orchestra played an old tune, whenever she bought a blue dress, whenever she ordered scrambled eggs after a party. . . .

☆

“MEMORY plays such awful tricks on people, Mike,” she whispered.

“This is no trick. It’s not even memory. I never kissed you like this before, Dinah, did I? You always seemed so fragile and breakable to me—I never dared.”

“I don’t seem to be—like that—any more?”

“No. You’ve grown up; you’ve jelled, darling. You’re the woman I want, and I’ve only three days to get you, so I have to move fast. . . .”

He was more decisive than she remembered him, but the army made men decide things quickly. Dinah liked that.

She liked his leanness and brownness too, and the good taut line of his jaw. . . . But of course it was unthinkable to marry a man on three days’ notice.

“Even if I wanted to, Mike,” she murmured, “I simply couldn’t get ready that soon.”

“I don’t want you to get ready,” he said promptly. “You did a lot of getting ready before. You were snowed down in trousseaux, engraved invitations, shopping, thank-you notes—you forgot all about me except as the mislaid cause of the excitement. This time I’m asking you for a marriage, Dinah, not a wedding. . . .”

When she didn’t answer, he tipped her chin up gently and said, “Dinah, you do want to get married, don’t you—some day?”

“Yes,” she answered softly. “Any girl—”

“I’m not talking about any girl. I’m talking about you.”

“Then—yes . . .”

“Why wouldn’t today do?”

In the flurry of her senses, Dinah still managed to think a little. Her wedding gown was packed in a box in the attic at home. Nettie could press it. . . . Strange, that she was actually wearing the rose wool frock that was to have been her going-away dress.

She caught her mind sharply in check. This was madness. . . .

“Dinah,” he repeated, “why not today? I could get a special license with a little wire-pulling; we could go to a justice of the peace and be married quietly, and then drive south, as Molly and Jack are doing. Will you? Answer yes or no, not maybe.”

Dinah said desperately, “I have a first-aid exam Monday, and I’m needed in the Motor Corps because I just make up the quota—and daddy is all alone in the house, and—”

“I’m waiting, Dinah.”

“I—I suppose you wouldn’t ask me—again, later?”

“I doubt if I’d be around to ask you. That transfer—”

“I know,” she said hurriedly. “You might be sent away.”

“Anywhere, any time,” he added. “So I have nothing at all to offer you, Dinah—that’s clear, isn’t it? No home, no possessions, no money.”

A great hot lump rose in her throat.

“There’s you,” she said, swallowing hard; “I’d have you, for a while anyway.”

“You’d have me always,” he corrected her. “Whether I were able to be with you or not, I’d be your husband—and we’d know we belonged to each other.”

“Yes,” said Dinah clearly.

As he waited, saying nothing, she repeated it. “That’s your answer, Mike. Yes. . . .”

“You mean that, Dinah?” His hands gripped her shoulders. “Cross your heart?”

She crossed it gravely.

“We’ll be married first,” said Mike decisively, starting the engine, “then go home and pack up your bags.”

“But my wedding dress—in the attic—” she managed breathlessly.

“It can be an heirloom.”

“All right,” she said recklessly, “let it be. It’s unlucky anyway. I had about a hundred fittings and the dressmaker stuck pins in me.”

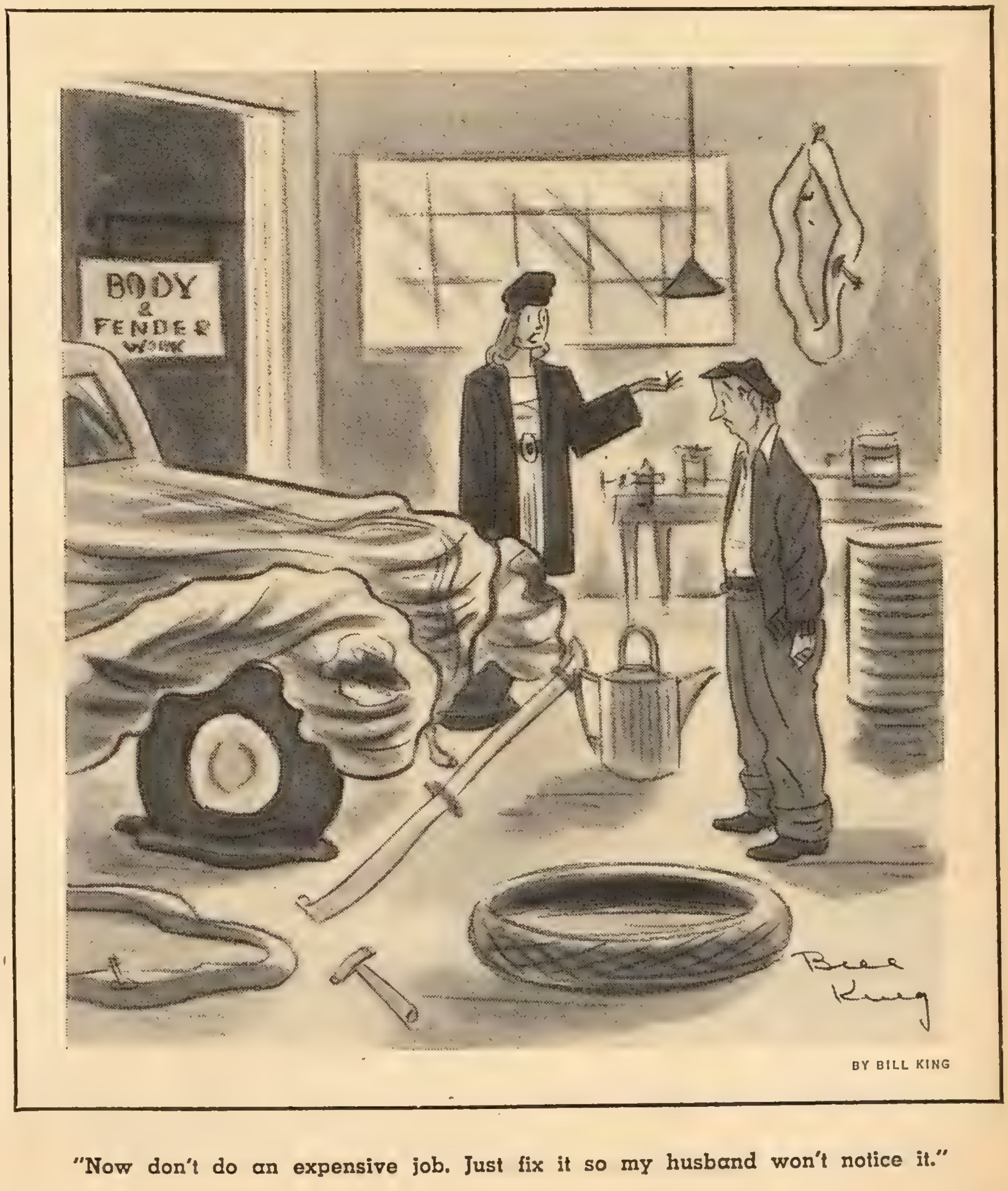
“I want you just as you are,” Michael told her in an unsteady voice, “with that little line at one corner of your mouth that wasn’t there before, and a slightly shiny nose—No, drop that compact, Dinah!—and the stray wisp of hair on your neck. You were lovely before, but now you’re perfect.”

“I love you too, Mike,” retorted Dinah; “but you’re going to be bald before you’re forty. Do you know that?”

They laughed absurdly, and Mike put the car back on the parkway again.

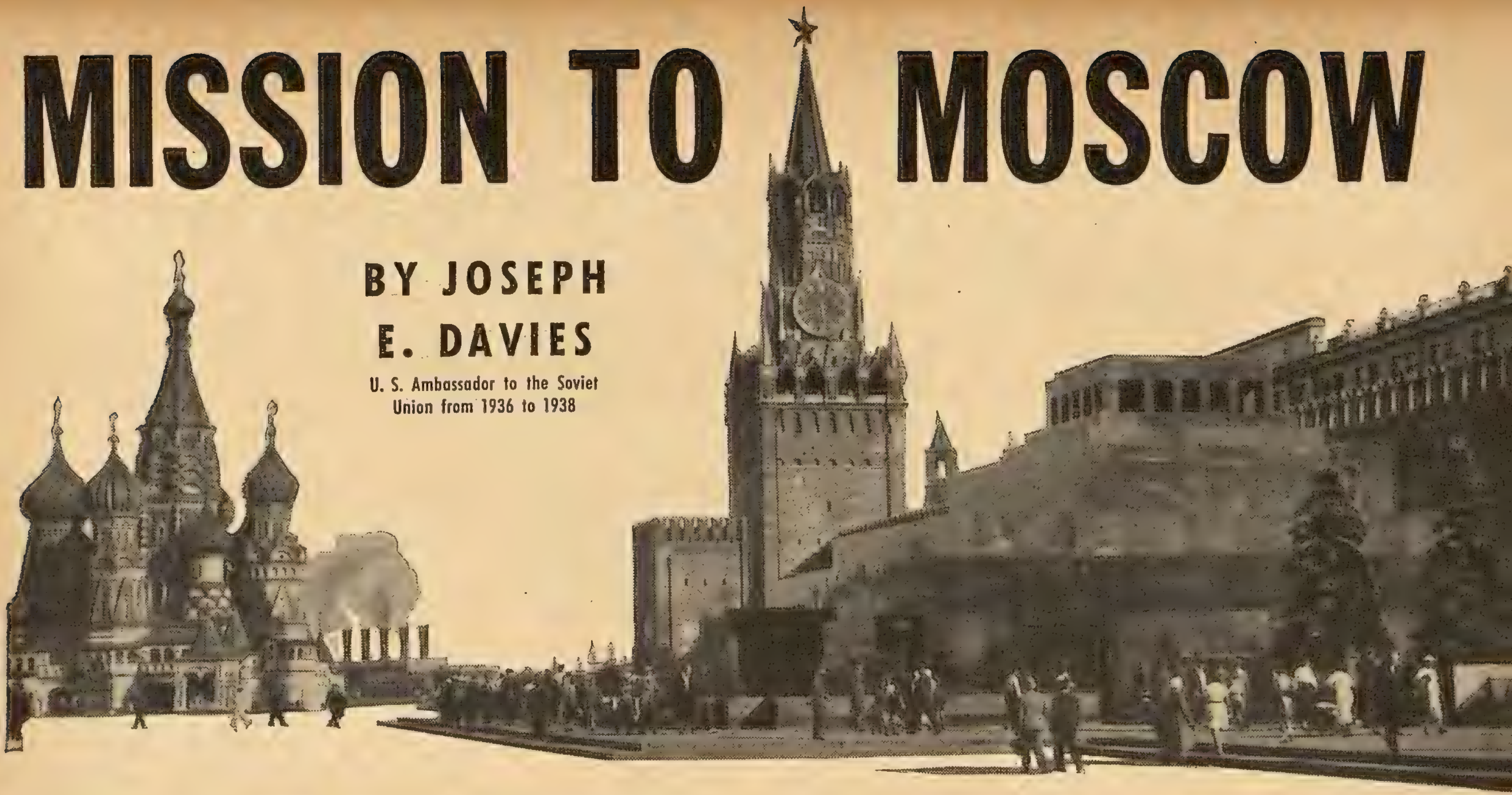
“Nice engine,” he commented. “Listen to it purr. It really wants to go south, I believe.” He paused, then remembered something that amused him enormously. “What did I tell you, Dinah? To watch out that some one didn’t marry you for your tires. . . .”

THE END



“Now don’t do an expensive job. Just fix it so my husband won’t notice it.”

MISSION TO MOSCOW



BY JOSEPH E. DAVIES

U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union from 1936 to 1938

Liberty presents a condensation of 1942's greatest best seller

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

Foreword by the Author:

☆ WHEN I was appointed Ambassador to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, I made up my mind that I was going to Russia free from prejudice. The reports which I sent to the State Department, the letters home, the entries in my diary are the honest record of and reactions to the situations, personalities, and events as I saw them.

Diary: *Washington, December 15, 1936*

Conferred with Sumner Welles. It appears that outside of routine work, the principal matters uppermost in connection with this mission to Moscow are negotiations looking to the renewal of the Soviet trade agreement with the United States; the handling of the situation that has arisen out of the Soviet government's declining to make certain settlements of its debt to this country; and investigation of what strength there is, politically and industrially and from a military viewpoint, in the Soviet Union and what its policy is in relation to Germany and Hitler and peace in Europe.

Diary: *Washington, January 2, 1937*

The President thought that my position should be one of dignified friendliness but characterized by a definite reserve, with the clear intimation that the President and the Secretary of State were deeply disappointed in the failure of the Soviet government to live up to what appeared to us to be a plain obligation; that it was up to the Soviet government to make the next move, which was relatively of far greater importance to them than to us. Then wait, he said, and see what would happen.

Diary: *At sea, January 5, 1937*

Marjorie (Mrs. Davies) and Ekay (Emlen Knight Davies, my daughter) and I sailed on the Europa.

Diary: *Moscow, January 19, 1937*

Litvinov is in Geneva and will not be in Moscow for several days. It was arranged that I should present my credentials promptly to his first assistant, Krestinsky, a little man with professorial glasses who impresses me as being of the furtive type. My disposition would be not to trust him.

Letter to Stephen Early:

Moscow, January 25, 1937

We were fortunate in getting here in time to see the closing sessions of the Constitutional Convention of the largest single autonomous unit of the Soviet Union. It was held in a hall in the Kremlin. About 2,800 delegates sat in what looked like pews, on the back of each of which was a collapsible desk. The delegates had printed copies of the constitution before them. Behind them was a gallery of probably 1,000 spectators. On an elevated platform sat dignitaries of the state. Kalinin, the president, presided. There were stenographers, cameramen, newspapermen, and klieg lights. Prior to voting, speeches were made by two men and one woman. The third speaker, a young man who wore long plus fours, was head of the young people's dramatic societies. Eight buglers in sky-blue aviation uniforms blew as about 400 young people with standards and banners marched up the four aisles and stood at attention. They represented every branch of the military and naval forces. The man with the record for parachute jumping was pointed out.

The voting was upon each article of the constitution separately, each delegate holding up a red card to vote yes. After that the convention ended with applause and various delegates calling for cheers for the different dignitaries. Then a small group started singing the Communist anthem. Gradually it was taken up and without leadership they sang several verses. It was a moving thing and left an impression of power and earnestness.

Letter to President Roosevelt:

Moscow, January 25, 1937

Fortunately the custom of formal speeches on the presentation of credentials has been abolished. I had twenty minutes with Kalinin. I mentioned that you had spoken of him personally, and he wished me to return his greeting to you, "a very great man." He stated that he believed all matters in difference between the two countries could be adjusted. My reply was that I sincerely hoped so, and believed it possible if matters were approached with the same big-mindedness with which the agreements were projected by the President of the United States, and that I would be glad to take up matters upon Litvinov's return, if they desired.

I am awaiting his return to see whether he will broach the debt question. There are evidences that they wish to forget it.

Diary: *Moscow, January 25, 1937*

Kalinin looks like a fine type. He has serious eyes and a simple, kind demeanor. He is reputed to be very popular. He started out as a worker in a foundry plant. He impressed me as being very able in a simple way.

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Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, February 17, 1937

I attended the so-called Trotsky-Radek treason trial. The defendants numbered seventeen, five or six of them prominent political leaders, the others tools alleged to have been employed for espionage, sabotage, terrorism. The proceedings opened with the reading of the indictment. It set forth in great detail the crimes alleged. Each defendant arose in response to a question from the chief justice, and pleaded guilty. All seemed eager to heap accusations upon themselves. They required little cross-examination. At the conclusion, the prosecutor made a long address to the court, which five hours later brought in its verdict. The defendants were all adjudged guilty and sentenced according to the degree of crime. Radek and Sokolnikov, as members of the anti-Soviet Trotskyite "parallel center" and responsible for its criminal activities, were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment—a clemency which occasioned general surprise.

The most extraordinary part, from a Western point of view, is that there should have been such a trial at all. The defendants had all entered the plea of guilty. There remained nothing for a court to do but to hear possible pleas for clemency and to adjudge the fact and sentence the accused. One probable purpose of the program is admitted, off the record: to dramatize the occasion for propaganda purposes, as a warning to potential plotters within the Soviet Union, and to discredit Trotsky abroad and to solidify popular feeling in support of the government against foreign enemies—Germany and Japan.

In the Diplomatic Corps all agree that the state established a case of conspiracy against the present government. It is the prevailing opinion that the Stalin government is thoroughly entrenched in power and, in the absence of a foreign war, will continue to be so for a long time.

Letter to President Roosevelt:
Moscow, February 4, 1937

During the afternoon recesses (of the six-day trial) I made it a point to go to stores and the like; and in each place were groups assembled, being addressed by some man describing the trial and the iniquities of the accused. This, I am informed, occurred all over the country, with the radio working overtime. Their political and propaganda organization extends down into every community. Jim Farley might get some pointers over here.

Letter to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, February 6, 1937

I called on the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Litvinov. I advised him that I brought greetings from the President and the Secretary of State. He replied that he felt the President was "a very great man" and was devoted to the same ideals in two respects, that the Soviet government was pursuing: the alleviation of the masses of the people through humanitarian efforts, and advocacy of peace in the world. I stated that my personal attitude would be objectively addressed to a fair and impartial report of facts, conditions, forces, and tendencies as I found them; that we had no diplomatic problems, in the European sense, because of our geographical position, and that we had no axes to grind.

Thereupon Mr. Litvinov suggested that we were interested in foreign trade. I replied that foreign trade was important to us principally as a backlog for the leveling out of our own business conditions and that we were quite independent of it as a vital factor in our national policy. Mr. Litvinov suggested that America was not so far isolated from trouble in the world, as events were moving; that we might have our problem with Japan.

Asked whether the European situation was quieting, he replied, "Unfortunately, no," and expressed vigorously his failure to understand why England and France should project notes and questionnaires and constantly stir up the German situation and thereby accentuate Hitler's importance and "feed his vanity." He seemed to be apprehensive lest there should be some composition of differences between France, England, and Germany.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, February 18, 1937

The People's Commissar for Foreign Trade, Rosengoltz, invited us to his country house (*dacha*) for lunch. To our surprise we found there Marshal Voroshilov, Commissar for Defense; Mikoyan, for Food Industries; Vyshinsky, who conducted the Radek trial; and Rosoff, the new head of Amtorg in New York.

The conversation was turned by Rosengoltz into a discussion of the debt situation. He stated that with Great Britain and France they had arrived at a *modus vivendi* that left debt settlements independent of credit situations, and that matters in difference between our countries could probably be furthered by a similar approach. They might be worked out through negotiations with private

Mr. and Mrs. Davies at a railway station in Moscow with the French and Iranian ambassadors.

parties by Rosoff as head of the Amtorg, rather than through the Foreign Offices. I made it very clear that I had no instructions to project the debt question; that I was here and available for use by them if they saw fit to take the matter up; that I would advise the Department of Mr. Rosoff's plans and would await their further wishes in the situation.

Letter to Stephen Early:
Moscow, February 10, 1937

The luncheon the Commissar of Foreign Trade gave was unusual and interesting. We drove out over the white countryside for about thirty-five miles on a clear cold day over the Stalin Road, part of the new military highway. It was a region of country estates with fences about ten feet high, usually painted green, all appearing smartly kept up. The *dacha* was large and comfortable and commanded a beautiful view of the landscape. On the way home we passed Stalin's *dacha.* It was surrounded by a high palisade of painted fence, and a few soldiers were about. These commissars live either in the Kremlin or out in their country homes, or both. Voroshilov impressed me immensely, as in fact did they all. They all plied me with questions about the President and manifested the greatest interest in everything about him.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, February 19, 1937

There is much speculation here as to the significance and purpose of the recent visit to Moscow of Dr. R. Holsti, the Finnish Foreign Minister. The Russian and Finnish governments now have a pact of nonaggression. Speculation has arisen as to whether this visit might mean that there was a possible extension of that to include a pact of mutual defense.

The consensus of the diplomats is that the main reason for the visit was the decision of Finland to assume a position of neutrality *vis-à-vis* Germany and the Soviet Union and to become a member of the neutral Scandinavian bloc, at present composed of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

Letter to the Hon. Pat Harrison:
Moscow, February 18, 1937

Human nature is working here the same old way, stimulating men and women to acquire capitalistic money, more than somebody else, in order to indulge in luxuries. There are luxury shops on the streets in profusion. In the government itself they are swinging to nationalism, exalting the fatherland, singing their national anthem. The world revolution is secondary. Bureaucracy has an ironclad tie-up with the industrial workers against the farmers. They have a strong army and think they can defend themselves against either Germany or Japan or both.

They are producing vast amounts of gold and storing it. Their actual balance of trade and payments in the last two years has been favorable. In the army, I am told, they devote as much time to political Communist instruction as they do to the military and technical field. They frankly admit that they are attempting to change human nature in a generation. It is some job.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, February 19, 1937

I have the honor to report a conversation I had with Mr. Litvinov on the occasion of a luncheon at the Embassy, extended to him and his staff—a return courtesy to the formal luncheon extended to us upon our arrival.

Litvinov commented upon the Runciman visit to the President and asked whether discussions were had with reference to participation in economic aid to Germany. I replied that I was not informed except through the press. He appeared much disturbed about it; and he again voiced his almost bitter attitude that France and England should be engaging in discussions at all with Germany.

He brought up and seemed much disturbed about the pending neutrality legislation in the United States. He urged that at the present time such legislation was not an agency of peace for, as in the present Spanish situation, the effect would be to project still greater dangers of war in Europe.

Diary: *Moscow, February 19, 1937*

Dinner at German Embassy. Count von der Schulenburg's military aide, General von Koestrich, was born in Russia. Father was a large landowner. I asked for his opinion of the fighting qualities of the Red army. He said, in effect, this: that the human material—man power—was excellent, physically strong, brave, and fine soldiers; that the mechanized forces were not as good as the German army, but good; that the air force, barring superiority in numbers, could not compare with the German air force; that the Russian flyers were, however, superb—none better; that their parachute troops were excellent.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, February 26, 1937

I made a formal call upon Commissar Molotov, President of the Soviet of People's Commissars. To my surprise, Commissar Litvinov was present. His government, Molotov said, hoped the relations between the two governments could be developed along the lines of greater mutual understanding; certain arrangements had been entered into which had not yet been completed, and he thought these matters could be completed to mutual satisfaction, through a practical approach. He assumed that my government had sent me here with those matters in mind. I stated that I had no express instructions upon them; that I would be glad to discuss them further with Litvinov at his convenience.

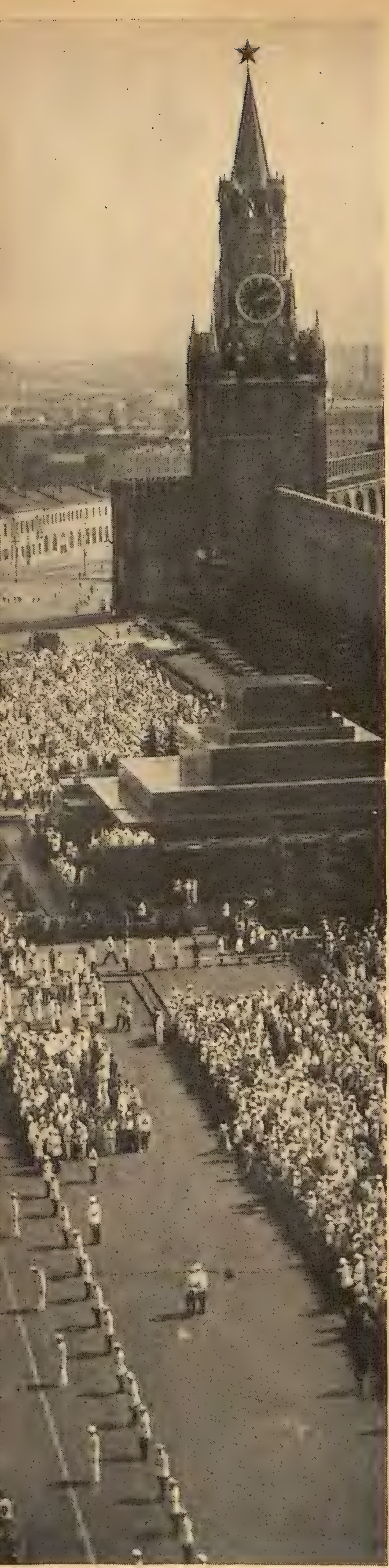
Litvinov took no part in the conversation. He has asked me to come out to his country house for lunch.

Letter to Marvin McIntyre:
Moscow, February 19, 1937

Recently Marjorie and I and the whole staff were personally conducted through the Kremlin. The three main entrances are closely guarded by soldiers. It is largely occupied as living quarters by commissars and as offices and assembly halls. One imposing building has been converted into a museum. The robes of the czars, crown jewels, vestments of the priests, the

This capacious modern building, erected by the Soviet government, comprises "new dwelling houses" for railroad workers. It fronts on Moscow's Krasnoprudnaya Street.

And this is the United States Embassy in Moscow, facing Manezhnaya Square.



icons and decorated Bibles of the churches, the royal coaches, etc., of the past 500 years are all there. The crown jewels are startling. In the entrance hall there are streamer banners bearing different legends such as "To the Prisoners of Capitalism; To the Victims of Fascism; The Workers of Russia extend welcome to the Workers of the World." I guess I come in all three classes; I felt welcome.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, March 12, 1937

I had a survey made of the industrial regions of the Soviet Union and planned a personal visit of inspection to the Leningrad area, which has large textile and porcelain plants and other industries natural to a northern seaport; and also to the Don Basin and Dnepropetrovsk area in the Ukraine, where, within 400 kilometers, there are huge deposits of coal and iron, in the center of which is the Dnieproges Dam built by Colonel Cooper. . . .

We visited the first "Young Pioneer" House, an establishment of 280 rooms, adapted to the development of children, outside of regular school hours, in scientific, artistic, airplane, and other lines of manual training. These institutions are predicated upon the Stalin idea that the most precious capital of the state is the brains of the youth, and are for the purpose of discovering latent talent.

The planning impresses the mind as being most extraordinary in boldness of conception and vigor of execution. Buildings and equipment are generally of the most modern type. The men running the enterprises were for the most part about thirty-five years of age. All appeared of the steady, studious type. The incentive of personal profit for additional effort impregnates the whole system.

In the event of being drawn into a European conflict, there is some doubt as to whether the industry back of the line could now support a long war. My guess would be that it could do so to a far greater degree than is expected, in view of what I have seen in this region which I have visited.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, March 26, 1937

I called upon Commissar Litvinov to present my respects before departure for the United States for a short visit. I asked him how the Spanish situation was coming on. He expressed the fear that the reverses of the Italian forces would stimulate Mussolini to project additional forces into Spain, to rehabilitate his prestige. Then the situation would be most serious for European peace. If the democratic governments would now serve firm notice upon Italy that such action would not be tolerated, Mussolini would not take such action. He then stated that the only hope for the preservation of European peace was a prompt, firm declaration of the democracies of Europe that they were standing together for peace; he named France, Russia, and Czechoslovakia. He then said that if the United States were to join in such a declaration it would mean not only European but world peace, as it would also settle the Japanese question.

Diary: *Moscow, March 14, 1937*

Marjorie went to Mme. Molotov's luncheon. It was quite extraordinary—a group of wives of the commissars, all of whom are actively engaged as engineers, doctors, or factory managers. Mme. Molotov is a member of the Cabinet and has been Commissar for Fisheries and is now Commissar for Cosmetics. These serious-minded women found great interest in Marjorie, particularly in the fact that a woman of her type should herself be "a workingwoman."

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull:
Moscow, March 17, 1937

I have learned from one of the members of the Diplomatic Corps who is very well informed that when the religious sections of the new constitution were debated, the existing provisions were attacked by some as being too dangerous; and that it was only Stalin's interposition that saved them. He held that if there was danger to the Communist Party, it was a challenge to the party to overcome it.

The new Moskvoretsky bridge in the Soviet Russian capital. At left is the Red Square—a panoramic view showing the Great Sport Parade of the U. S. S. R.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull: *Moscow, March 18, 1937*

The Spanish Ambassador advised me that at the Party Council an extended discussion was had as to whether the provisions of the new constitution, according secret and universal suffrage, should be now projected or not; that it was urged that to do so might, because of the backwardness of the electorate, involve serious danger.

It would now appear that the party leaders, recognizing that with a secret ballot and universal suffrage the situation might get out of hand, have decided to put on a big political drive to make sure that it will control the electorate in the coming elections.

Author's Note: I was told—and I believe the source to be reliable—that one of the most important influences in securing the adoption of the sections having to do with freedom of religious worship and extending the right of suffrage and officeholding to all citizens without regard to religion, was the emphasis and explicit requests which President Roosevelt had made in connection with the Litvinov negotiations in Washington in connection with "recognition."

Diary: *Moscow, March 23, 1937*

We had received many courtesies at the hands of Red army men and I suggested to Colonel Faymonville, the military attaché at the Embassy, that we have a dinner for the army leaders. It was an innovation in Moscow diplomatic circles. There was doubt whether the Red army would accept, but they did "with pleasure."

About sixty sat down at the Embassy table: the "High Command of the Army and Navy" and various notables, such as "Hero Flyers" of the Soviet Union, famous parachute jumpers, airplane engineers, and the like—strong, healthy, and with fine faces. Most of our guests had never tasted American "old-fashioned" cocktails before. They seemed to go down satisfactorily. The dinner was as handsome as the Embassy could produce, with all the capitalistic trimmings.

Vice-Marshal Tukhashevsky sat on the hostess' left, with my daughter next to him. She speaks Russian quite well. He asked her whether she had ever studied Marxism. She said, "Yes, in college." He inquired, "Don't you think it is a wonderful system?" She said, "No," that she was not impressed with it. Whereupon he said, "Wouldn't you like to be as free as the Russian women are?" That was just too much for E. K. She gave a concise comparison of the freedom of the American women with that of the Russian women. Later she said, "He probably didn't believe it—but maybe he did."

As host, I proposed the health of the Red army as a "people's army devoted to peace above all else." Marshal Voroshilov responded extemporaneously in Russian; each sentence was translated as he finished it. He stated that there was not a man in the Red army who would not gladly discard his uniform and the implements of war but for the necessity of protection of their homes, of the preservation of peace of their land in an insane world where the liberties of nations are at all times subject to the attack of war-mad aggressors.

After dinner we had moving pictures.

Journal: *Moscow, March 26, 1937*

Prior to my departure I had a talk with the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Tsiang Ting-Fu, a graduate of Cornell University. My impression is that the relations between China and the Soviet Union have improved immeasurably within the past few days; that a certain understanding has been arrived at; that there is an agreement that the Soviet Union will refrain from Communistic activity in China; that this specifically involved that the U. S. S. R. would lend no support to any independent Communistic Chinese military forces or local governments; that this means a great deal to China and gives much promise of strengthening the situation there.

Diary: *Washington, April 7, 1937*

Had lunch with the President at his office. I gave him details of the Radek trial and conditions generally. He questioned at length about the trial. His interest was particularly directed to the charges of treasonable activities of the defendants with Germany and Japan.

Diary: *At sea, May 5, 1937*

Sailed on S.S. Bremen—12.30 A. M. We are stopping off in London for a few days during the Coronation.

Diary: *London, May 26, 1937*

Marjorie and I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Over the coffee, Churchill was interested in "these purge trials." He has no love for the Communists. He is, however, fair and judicial-minded and wants to know the facts. I gave them, as interpreted from the Soviet viewpoint, and briefly outlined the argument of the government in these cases. Churchill said that I had given him a completely new concept of the situation. He asked about the strength of the Soviet industry and the army. He impressed me as a great man.

Journal: *London, June 11, 1937*

The press carries the startling news that, after a secret trial, the Military Collegium sentenced to death Marshal Tukhashevsky and seven generals for "habitual and base betrayal of military secrets to a certain hostile Fascist Power, and working as spies to encompass the downfall of the Soviet state and to restore capitalism."

According to the official report, the prisoners had confessed to the charges and had admitted that for a long time they had acted as spies and agents for a neighboring state to which they had betrayed all the military secrets of the Soviet Union.

June 12

The government announced that the condemned men had been shot.

Journal: *Berlin, June 20, 1937*

On my way back to Moscow I had a long talk with Schacht. I outlined a suggestion that President Roosevelt had made to Luther, the German Ambassador, that armaments should be limited to defensive weapons, such as a man could carry on his shoulder. Schacht almost jumped out of his chair with enthusiasm: "Would you say these things to Hitler?" I said I would be glad to. He thought an opportunity could be arranged.

Journal: *Moscow, July 1, 1937*

The Soviet government announces the floating of a new defense loan of 4,000 million rubles, bearing interest at 4 per cent, to be redeemed in full in 1957. This shows how much they are spending for defense—twice as much as England and France together—and it shows that frozen labor (capital) commands payment for use, contrary to the basic Communist idea.

Confidential Dispatch to Secretary Hull: *Moscow, July 1, 1937*

On June 30 I was advised that the Japanese Ambassador had, in effect, issued an ultimatum to Litvinov requiring the Soviet government to withdraw their military forces from the islands; that Litvinov had yielded somewhat and had finally proposed that both parties should withdraw their military forces in order to permit negotiation and discussion of the juridical question involved; that Japan had refused to concur.

On the afternoon of that day, and before conferences were resumed, there occurred a clash between the armed forces of the Soviet patrols and the Japanese-Manchurian cutters and gunboats on the Amur River in the neighborhood of these islands, with loss of life resulting. Late that day there were again extended discussions, I was informed, which ended in no further agreement.

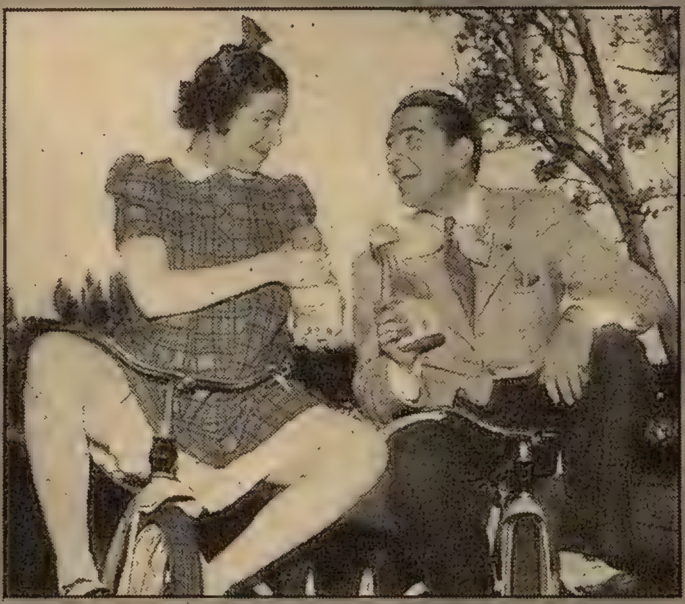
Author's Note: In 1938, in Europe, a high Japanese official told me that his government had deliberately projected these tests and that the Japanese were surprised and impressed with the mechanized strength and effectiveness of the Red army in the east.

Diary: *Moscow, July 4, 1937*

Had a fine talk with Litvinov. I told him that the reactions in the United States and western Europe to the purges and the executions of the Red army generals were definitely bad and harmful to the outside reputation of the U. S. S. R. He stated that they had to "make sure" through these purges that there was no treason left which could co-operate with Berlin or Tokyo. In fact, he said, they were doing the whole world a service in keeping the Soviet Union strong, as a bulwark against the Nazi threat; that the world some day would appreciate what a very great man Stalin was.

Liberty's publication, in condensed form, of Mr. Davies' highly important and illuminating book will be concluded in next week's issue.

A LETTER TO DADDY from Baby Snooks



BY FANNIE BRICE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ F. D. R. has his postage stamps, Clark Gable has his ranch, my radio writer Phil Rapp has his ulcers, and even Mr. Hyde had his Dr. Jekyll.

I've got Baby Snooks—my hobby; my antidote to melancholia, war jitters, headaches, and inhibitions. Therefore, here's a letter written by my alter ego, Baby Snooks, to her Daddy. (Signed) FANNIE BRICE.

Dear Daddy:

I guess I am a bad little girl. Teacher says I am. She caught me sellin' yer ties to the boys for a nickel apiece. She made them give all the ties back to me. But I don't think you should get mad. I didn't give Red Seltzer his nickel back. And now you won't have to give me my nickel allowance.

I know you're goin' to spank me when you read this letter. But I wanna ask you sumptin'. Why do you spank me? You say it hurts you more than it does me. I know you ain't kiddin'. Because I always try to have one of Robespierre's little pillows under my dress when you hit me.

One time you spanked me when it wasn't my fault, too. That was the day you was figurin' out yer income taxes in the study and Robespierre was yellin' so much. You told me to quiet the baby. He was tryin' to reach yer pipe on the table and couldn't, so he cried. You asked me to make him stop. I did. I gave him your pipe.

The next day you hit me again. I didn't know those funny marked sheets were yer income-tax papers. The teacher told us to bring some problems in arithmetic to class, so I thought I'd bring those papers and tell her that I did them. At first she got real sore. When I got home you got sore too and hit me when I had my arithmetic book under my dress. That's when you hurt your hand.

You always tell me that little children should be seen and not heard. That's the time Uncle Looie was around and I told him he was a nincompoop. You gave me a dirty look and told me never to say that word again. But I just did it because you told Mummy that Uncle Looie was a nincompoop a couple of days before.

Why don't you like to answer my questions, Daddy? I still don't know if a chicken lays an egg because it wants to or because it must. Every time I ask you, you tell me you don't know anything about eggs. But that time Mummy sang at the church fair, you said that she laid an egg. I'll bet Mummy lays a pretty big egg, Daddy.

Remember the fishing trip you took me on, Daddy? I guess we had fun that time, because you seemed very happy when you showed those two big fish to Mummy. I told her you bought them at the market, and she said she knew because one of them had a blue stamp on it.

It was a lot of fun, though, when the man with the badge came along. 'Member—he asked you why you was fishin', and you told him you was just practicing your castin' or sumptin'. He looked so surprised when I pulled the fish you caught out of the bushes and showed it to him to prove what a hot fisherman you were. You looked surprised too, Daddy. You didn't really throw *all* the fishes back into the water. I slipped one of them in the man's boot. They were awful tiny, weren't they, Daddy?

I always had a good time with you, Daddy. Even the time you took me to the movies because I was a good little girl and cleaned all the spider webs and stuff out of the garage. That's the time they had to stop the movie right in the middle of the picture. I didn't have my doll, Stuffy, in that little box, Daddy. I had a lot of moths that I caught in the garage while I was cleaning it that afternoon. I let them loose in the movie and they all went into the light shining down on the picture. That's why there were so many funny shadows flying across the picture and they had to stop it.

But, Daddy, I'm awful sorry about spoilin' yer golf game that time we played with yer boss. You just kept sayin' that you wanted to shoot pa, and I couldn't understand it. Didn't you want to shoot ma? And I don't understand either why you should get so sore at me. Didn't I find over ten golf balls for you that day? Gee, Daddy, I never knew you could fight either until I saw that guy call you a crook when he couldn't find his ball. Findin's keepin's, ain't it, Daddy?

Kin I tell you sumptin', Daddy? You've been lookin' all over the house for sumptin' you lost last week, and Mummy is wonderin' why you won't tell her what it is. I know. If you want your little black book, ask Uncle Looie for it. I heard him tellin' you that night that he wanted some good numbers, so I slipped your book into his overcoat pocket. Who's Gypsie at Granite 95918, Daddy? She has an awful nice voice, but she got scared when I told her what my name was and hung up.

Remember the two dollars you gave me to buy your favorite tobacco with, Daddy? I didn't spend all that money on your tobacco. I met Red on the way to the store, and I bought him some ice cream. After that I bought some other tobacco that was much cheaper. If you look at the label on the can you will see that it's Number 4 instead of Number 11. Anyway, you told Uncle Looie that it was the best smoke you ever had and asked him to try some. Why don't you buy it next time, Daddy? It only costs a dollar.

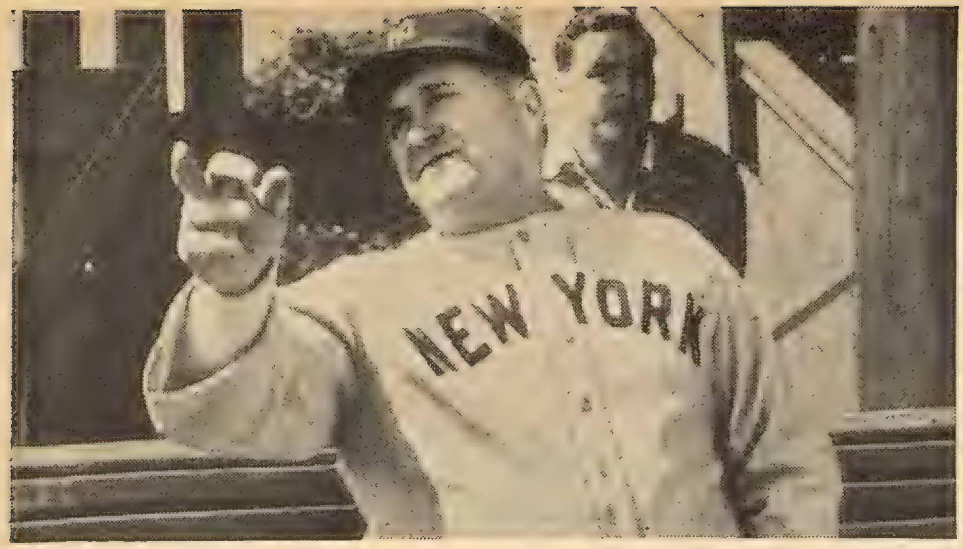
Please, Daddy, when you read this letter, count ten before you hit me. The only reason I am writing it is because I got to. The teacher told me she's gonna send a letter to you about me. I wanna beat her to it.

Very very truly truly yours,
SNOOKS.

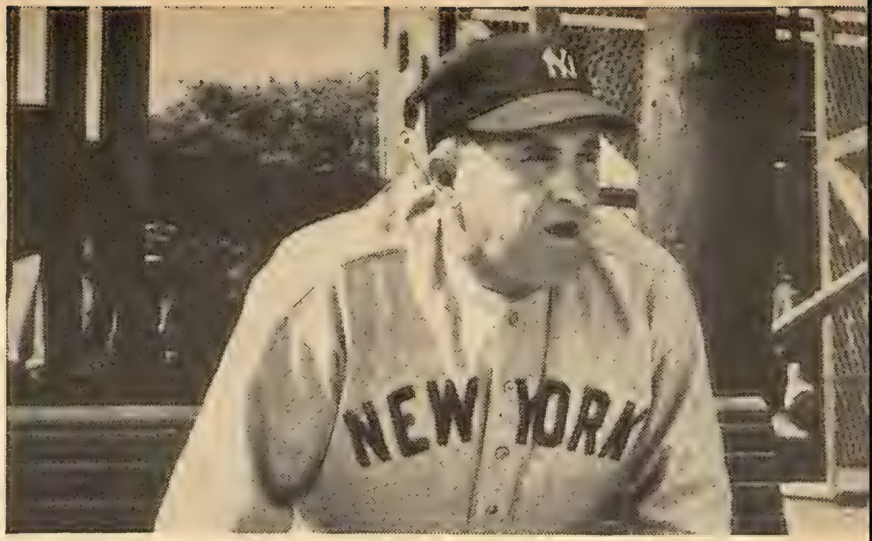
P.S. My report card ain't so hot either, Daddy.

P.S. 2—I broadcast every Thursday at 8 P. M., E. W. T. over N. B. C. Red network.

THE END



Pre-season: Manager McCarthy watches his Yanks—and tells 'em.



Not doing so well! How'd *that* happen? Joe is dubious, annoye

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

BY WAITE HOYT AND FRANK GRAHAM

☆ NO wonder Ed Barrow had smiled. The message he had got over the telephone was:

"Joe McCarthy has just been released by the Cubs."

There had been rumors that Joe was through in Chicago. Until this minute, Barrow had been able only to hope it was true. Now it was official. McCarthy had been replaced with Rogers Hornsby.

Barrow had been an admirer of McCarthy for years. Away back in 1915, when he had been the president of the International League and Joe the second baseman of the Buffalo club, he had tried in vain to interest the Yankees in Joe as a player. He had watched him through the years between when, as manager at Louisville, Joe was regarded as the best pilot in the minor leagues, and later, when he went to Chicago, built the Cubs up from a second-division outfit, and finally won the pennant with them. Joe was the solid type that Barrow admired—a man who took himself and his work seriously.

The World Series between the Athletics and the Cardinals was about to open in Philadelphia. Barrow phoned and asked McCarthy to meet him and Ruppert there. In a hotel room, the night before the Series opened, McCarthy and Ruppert saw each other for the first time. Only a few newspapermen knew of the meeting and of the signing of McCarthy, and they were pledged to secrecy. Barrow didn't want an announcement of the identity of the Yankees' new managed lost in the swirl of World Series news stories.

The formal unveiling of McCarthy took place in New York, and Joe was so flustered as he stood with Ruppert beside the newsreel microphones that he began his reply to the Colonel's welcoming speech by blurting:

"Colonel Huston, I—"

The laughs almost split the films and the photographers had to start all over again.

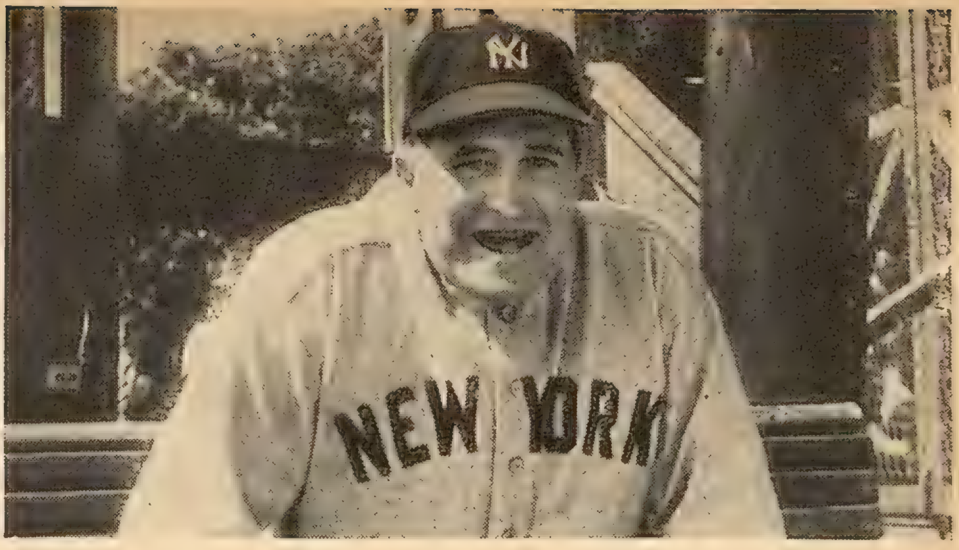
Meanwhile McCarthy, from his home in Buffalo, had called Fletcher at his home in Collinsville, Illinois. They didn't know each other very well. Joe wanted to be sure Fletcher hadn't changed his mind about not wanting to manage the Yankees and wouldn't resent Joe's going to New York. Fletcher quickly reassured him and then accepted his invitation to meet him in Chicago to discuss the Yankees and the American League, since Joe was a stranger to both. Indeed, the only Yankee he really knew then was Combs, whom he had discovered and developed in Louisville.

By the time Joe reached St. Petersburg in the spring of 1931 he had a fairly good grasp of his new job, but these young men coming into the camp still were strangers to him. He had known Barrow for a long time but not very well. His contacts with Ruppert had been limited to that hush-hush meeting in Philadelphia and the occasion on which he had addressed him as Colonel Huston. He was on a spot and he knew it. He went to work almost grimly, and had little to say to anybody but Fletcher and Jimmy Burke, a former manager of the Browns who had been his coach in Chicago and whom he had taken with him to the Yankees.

When Ruppert and Barrow arrived for a week's stay at the camp, the baseball writers gave a dinner to introduce McCarthy socially to his employers. It was a great success. Ruppert had just signed the Babe to his contract that afternoon, after the usual bickering between them, and was in good humor. When called upon for a speech, he told of how happy he was that Barrow had landed McCarthy for him, laughed and made jokes, and then, suddenly very serious, looked directly at Joe and said:

"I will stand for your finishing sec-

Ah, *this* is more like it! He can relax for a moment, can smile.



Boy! *Now* it begins to look as if they might cop another pennant!

Catchers, for a change—and Ruth and Gehrig were doing nearly as well for themselves as they often did at bat!

ond this year because you are new in our league. But I warn you, McCarthy: I don't like to finish second."

"Neither do I, Colonel," Joe said. "I like to win, too."

They were a well matched pair. Once, when Hoyt was holding out for a salary increase, Ruppert had said to him, "You're a pretty good pitcher, Hoyt. But you win too many games by scores of 2 to 1 and 3 to 1. Why don't you win some games 10 to 1 and 12 to 1, like Pennock does?"

That was the way the Colonel liked to win games. Now he had a manager who liked it too—and does to this day. The Yankees never can make enough runs to suit McCarthy, never can win a pennant by too many games.

The Yankees found that out that first spring he was at St. Petersburg. Their first exhibition game was with the Milwaukee club. Eager to make a good impression on their manager, they really poured it into the Brewers, and the score was 19 to 1. But after the game, when Jimmy Reese, the young second baseman just up from the Coast League, asked Joe how he liked the performance, Joe almost snarled. "Against a bunch of bums like that," he said, "you should have made fifty runs."

A new standard had been set for the Yankees. Not even Huggins had been as exacting as that. They were bewildered. And then they shrugged. Well, if that was the way Joe wanted it, that was the way it would be.

Joe had the nucleus of a good team that year with Ruth, Gehrig, Combs, Lazzeri, Dickey, Pipgras, Chapman, Pennock, Gomez, Ruffing, and Crosetti. Ruth hit forty-nine home runs and Gehrig forty-six as the Yankees finished second to the Athletics. McCarthy, who was dissatisfied with his showing, although Ruppert and Barrow were not, promised to win in 1932.

The veterans gave steadiness to the 1932 team. Ruffing and Gomez emerged as stars. Ruth hit .341 and made forty-one home runs as the Yankees romped to the pennant. In the National League the Cubs had won in a late and spectacular drive. They moved confidently into New York for the World Series.

In August of that year the Cubs had brought Mark Koenig up from the Coast League to steady a staggering infield. Charlie Grimm, who had succeeded Hornsby as their manager, freely admitted that without Koenig the Cubs could not have won, yet when it came to cutting up their Series money in advance, the players voted only a quarter share to Mark. This was fiercely resented by the Yankees, for Mark had once been one of them.

The day the Series opened, the Cubs, coming in a body from a meeting in their clubhouse, had to pass through one end of the Yankees' dugout. The Yankees looked at them stolidly as, one by one, they came into view. Then Koenig came up the steps and the Yanks yelled greetings to him. He stopped and grinned, and the line behind him buckled and bulged, so that many of the players were within earshot as the Babe boomed:

"Who are those cheap skates with you, Mark?"

Mark, still grinning, shook his head and moved on, the line following him in silence.

"Nickel-nursers!" the Babe bellowed. "A fine lot of stiffs you are!"

The other Yankees took up the cry. The Cubs, still silent, kept right on to their dugout. Having reached it, they opened fire on the Babe.

As the Series progressed, the recriminations became more heated, the Babe being the target for most of them. It was in this setting that he performed the most astonishing feat in World Series history: calling two strikes on himself with Charlie Root pitching in the third game, then pointing to the fence in right center and, on the next pitch, hitting the ball over the fence—in right center. That not only silenced the Cubs but softened them up for the crusher in the fourth game.

McCarthy had made good on his promise. The Yankees were on top of the baseball world once more, and Ruppert was completely happy. McCarthy was happy, but not completely. There were on his team some young men who were not altogether in sympathy with him and who already were marked for shipment elsewhere. There also was the Babe, who had looked upon him as an interloper.

It was a difficult situation. It was to be ironed out a couple of years later, but meanwhile McCarthy felt that he must walk guardedly. He was new to the big town, never had played big-league ball, and, although he had won pennants in the National and American Leagues, still felt that he could not measure up to the idolized Babe in a public knock-down-and-drag-out fight. Possibly because he had been passed over as a managerial candidate in 1930 and again in 1931, the Babe was increasingly resentful. He did not allow this to affect his work on the field, but he could not conceal it from McCarthy in the clubhouse or the dugout.

McCarthy, who does not like to finish second, did so in 1933 and again in 1934. Ruppert stamped an impatient foot and Barrow's celebrated eyebrows were elevated. Late in the 1934 season, Ruth confronted Ruppert.

"Are you satisfied with McCarthy as your manager?" he asked.

"Yes," Ruppert said.

"Well," the Babe said, "I'm not."

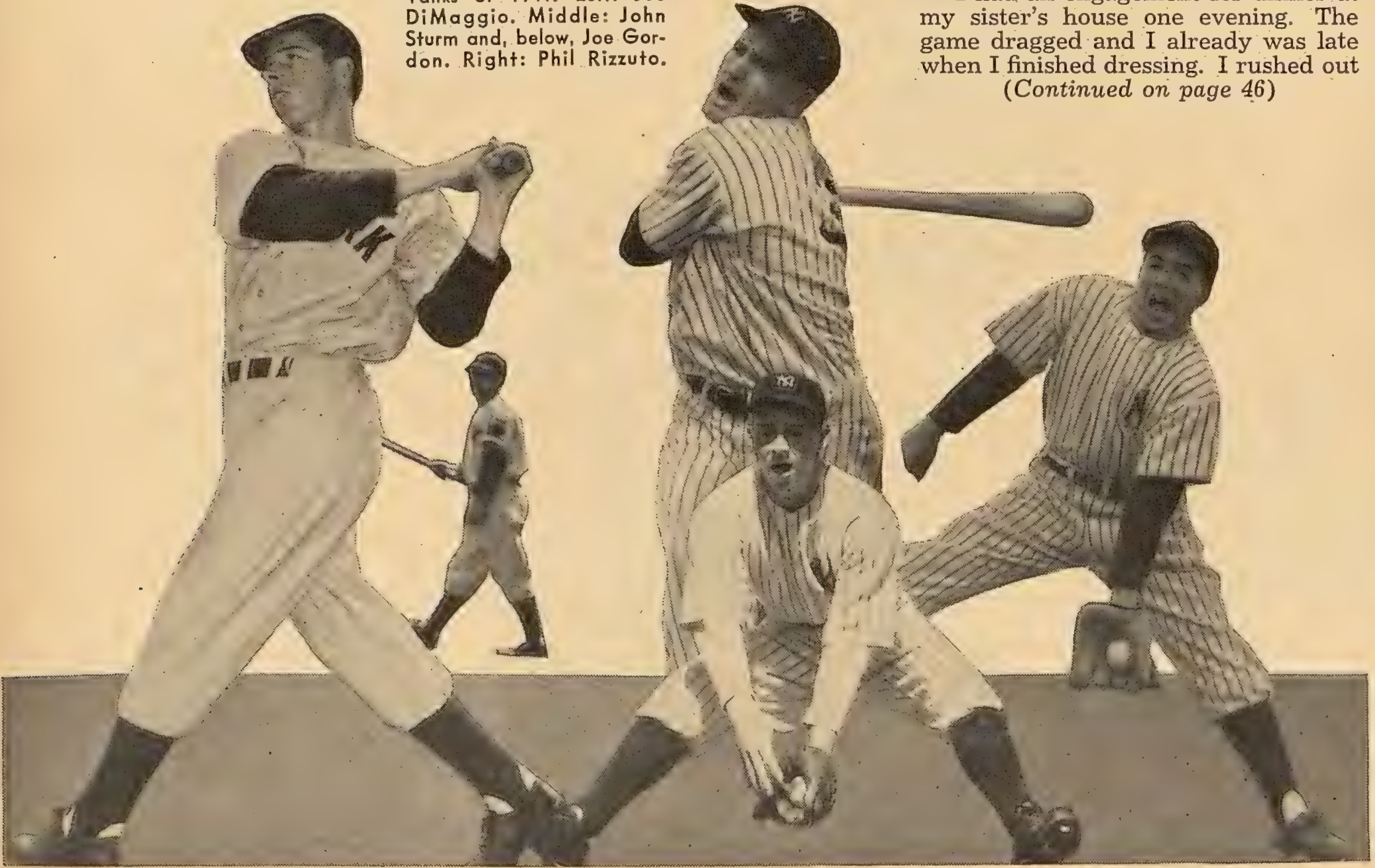
He had wanted a showdown—and he got it. Ruppert and Barrow knew that his usefulness to the club had ended. Despite their great personal fondness for him and their appreciation of the tremendous part he had played in making the Yankees what they were, it was with relief they learned in the early spring of 1935 that Emil Fuchs, president of the Braves, wanted him in Boston. So the Babe, greatest of ballplayers, passed from New York.

Now—and only now—McCarthy could make the Yankees his team. They finished second in 1935, and then, in 1936, swept to the first of four pennants and four world championships in a row, thus shattering all records.

That was an eventful year in Yankee history—1936. It was marked not only by the recapture of the world championship but by the first appearance in New York of Joe DiMaggio. He had been purchased from the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast League at the end of the 1934 season but had been allowed to remain with the Seals through 1935. His purchase had been a result of Barrow's shrewdness and courage. Early in 1934 he had been eagerly sought by all the major-league clubs with big money to spend, and a price of $40,000 had been set on him by Charles Graham, owner of the San Francisco club. And then —but let Joe tell it:

"I had an engagement for dinner at my sister's house one evening. The game dragged and I already was late when I finished dressing. I rushed out

(*Continued on page 46*)



Yanks of 1941. Left: Joe DiMaggio. Middle: John Sturm and, below, Joe Gordon. Right: Phil Rizzuto.

MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE, SIR SHE SAID

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ "MY face is my fortune, sir," she said. And she wasn't being conceited or coy—she was facing a fact. She knows she must do right by her face (and figure, too), and that care and cleanliness supply their own rich reward.

She knows, too, that this is not the time for beauty experiments, but instead the time to use tried and tested products she believes in. She budgets her beauty care carefully so, busy as she is doing her bit, she can always look fresh-faced, gay, alert.

Who is she? Why, she is the *American Girl,* 1942! She's *You!!!*

This is a sample of her "good looks" program. . . . For her home shampoos she has a choice of *two* miraculous preparations which leave her hair literally shining. "Drene" and "Halo" are the names, and you can get trial sizes at the five-and-ten. The larger sizes cost 60 cents and $1.

She knows that the great complexion crime is to go to sleep without removing stale make-up. She uses a bland, faintly fragrant soap which is a gentle but thorough cleanser. Camay and Lux toilet soap, 10 cents.

After her face is scrubbed she covers it with cold cream and leaves it on for a while to soften and smooth her skin and combat dryness. She likes Woodbury's in the chaste white jars—in 10-cent, 50-cent and $1 sizes. For a powder base she uses vanishing cream, applied sparingly.

Saturday and special nights she uses the new "Sixty-second Mask," made to loosen the dry flaky skin. It's quick, easy, and effective and leaves the face silky smooth. Pond's makes it . . . 10 cents, 35 cents, 85 cents and $1.38 for a *huge* jar.

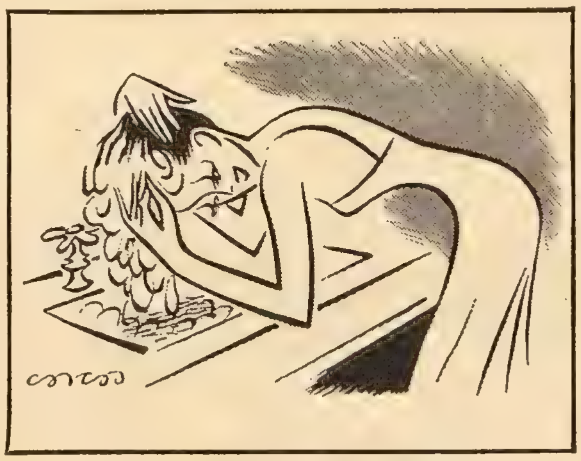
For her face powder she chooses light-textured Lady Esther, which comes in nine shades . . . 10 cents, 55 cents, and $1.10.

If used properly, mascara will enhance the eyes subtly. If you are a blonde, use Brown, if a brunette use Black. Maybelline in the scarlet-gold-and-black case costs 75 cents—but refills are available for 35 cents . . . and there's also a 10-cent size.

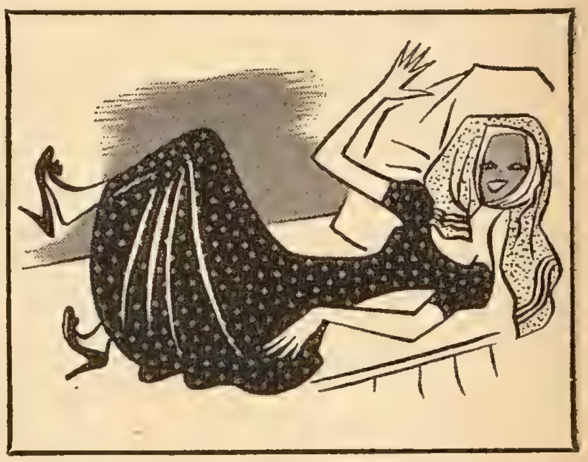
A lipstick that's our heroine's favorite is put on with a brush from the five-and-ten. Tangee comes in 10-cent, 55-cent and $1 sizes.

BY FRITZ HENLE

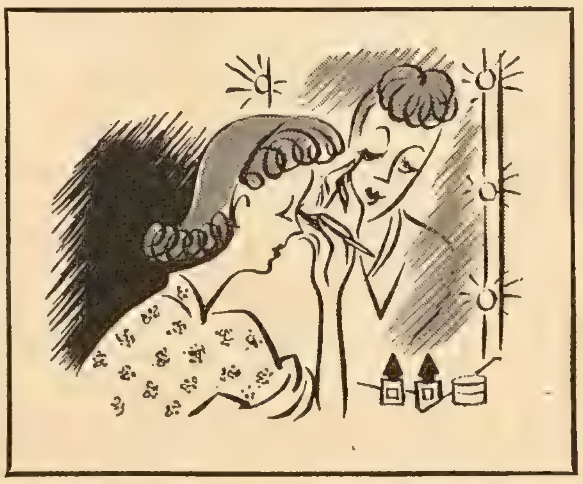
The American girl, 1942—busy doing her job, yet always looking pretty as a picture.



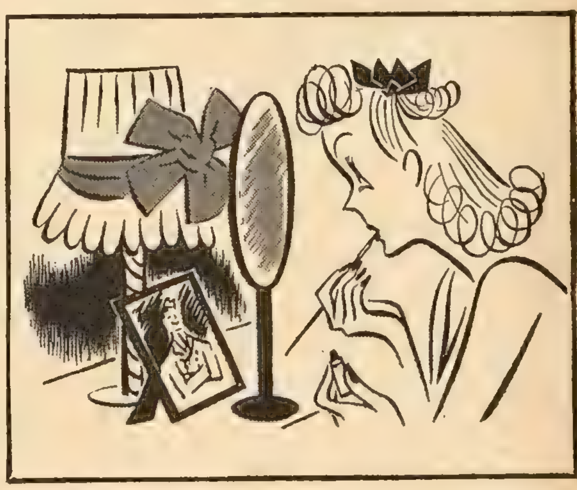
They lather instantly, even in hard water, and come out after one rinsing.



She puts a mask of the cream on her face and lies down for sixty seconds.



Apply the mascara very lightly on a wet brush to the upper lashes only. Use a dry brush to remove any excess.



Lipstick put on with a brush assures a cleaner lip line than the old way and makes it easier to shape the mouth.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ "THE General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

Question: By whom, when and where was this general order issued? *Answer:* By General George Washington, in July, 1776, from his headquarters in New York. As one who has all too often indulged in the "wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing" under stress and strain, I recommend your attention to these wise words of the first and greatest American C. in C. The toughest soldier I ever knew was an ex-parson, and he never took the name of the Lord in vain.

May I report my reaction to some of the radio programs put on especially for and dedicated to men in service? The thing I hate most of all (and all of the fellows I know feel the same) is the "mush." Our morale is sky-high, we know what we have to do to finish the job "they" started, and we don't need inspirational "mush" to do it. All we want is entertainment. Otherwise, we can take care of ourselves.

Pvt. L. G., Barstow, Calif.

Some parts of the civilian population may go for that "mush" you speak of, but you're absolutely right that it's wasted on the armed forces. That's not ingratitude, it's simply the truth; and solid entertainment, served without mush, is the finest gift the radio can make to the men.

We are pleased to note in January 24 Liberty "Shavetail's" appreciation of the fact that service in the Army Air Forces is as safe as in any other branch of the United States Army. However, the impression that officers in the Air Corps get "fabulous allowances" should be corrected. The uniform allowance referred to is available only to flying cadets and does not apply to Air Corps officers, who must purchase their own uniforms out of their own pockets, as do officers of all other Arms and Services. An Act of Congress, Public 97, 77th Congress, approved June 3, 1941, fixes the base pay of aviation cadets at $75 per month, plus subsistence of one dollar per day, and provides that they shall be furnished quarters, medical care, and hospitalization, and shall be issued uniforms, clothing, and equipment at government expense. When commissioned as second lieutenants, Air Corps Reserves, aviation cadets are paid a uniform allowance of $150. This is not an annual payment and is not granted after they are commissioned.

Joseph S. Edgerton, Captain, Air Corps, Chief, Press Relations Section, Public Relations Branch, AAF.

With this official pronouncement the Air Corps vs. all other branches of the Army discussion is ended, in so far as this page is concerned. Perhaps the arguments, pro and con, have helped to clear the air of misconceptions and misinformation.

Can you tell me why that leather harness worn by officers is called the Sam Browne belt?

M. M. B., Omaha, Neb.

It is named for its inventor, General Sir Samuel Browne, an English officer who lost an arm in battle and devised the belt as a means of carrying and handling necessary equipment in spite of his handicap. It was adopted by our Army during the first World War. Very similar belts have been worn by soldiers for centuries.

Re the origin of "Taps" (February 7 Liberty). It was devised in July, 1862, by Brigadier General Daniel Butterfield during the Peninsular Campaign. Dissatisfied with the regulation "Lights Out" call, he whistled the notes of the new "Taps" to his bugler, Norton, and that night Butterfield's brigade heard the lingering refrain of the call for the first time.

J. E. R., Portland, Me.

Thanks a lot for the conclusive answer.

Some of the mail I have sent to my son has not reached him. He is on duty outside the country and I'd like to take every precaution I can to be sure that he gets *all* my letters. So will you please print the correct form of address?

Worried Mother, St. Paul, Minn.

Gladly. As prescribed by the authorities, for soldiers on foreign duty the address should show: grade, first name in full, middle initial, last name, army serial number; letter or number of company or battery; designation of regiment or separate battalion; army post office number; c/o the Postmaster, New York City or San Francisco (as specified by the soldier); also name and address of sender in upper left-hand corner. Suggestions: (1) Leave plenty of space to the left of the address for endorsements by forwarding agencies; (2) number your letters consecutively so that the addressee will know whether any have been missed.

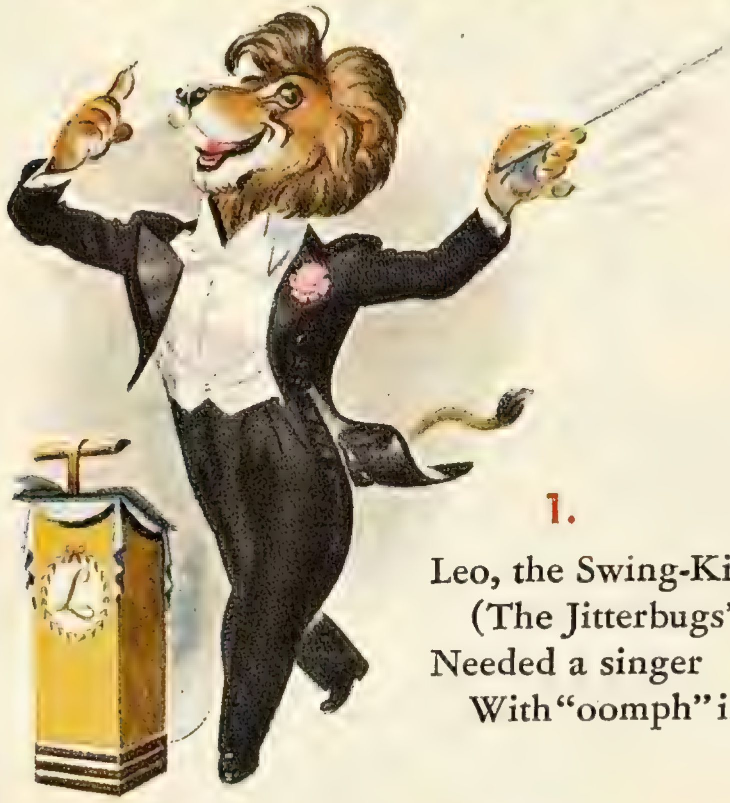
Extract from the letter of an ambitious young man to his wife:

"I have now been made a corporal, which is my first step up the Army's ladder of success. However, for the time being, do not move to a larger house or buy a piano, and you may speak to the neighbors as usual."

Fort Ord Panorama, Calif.

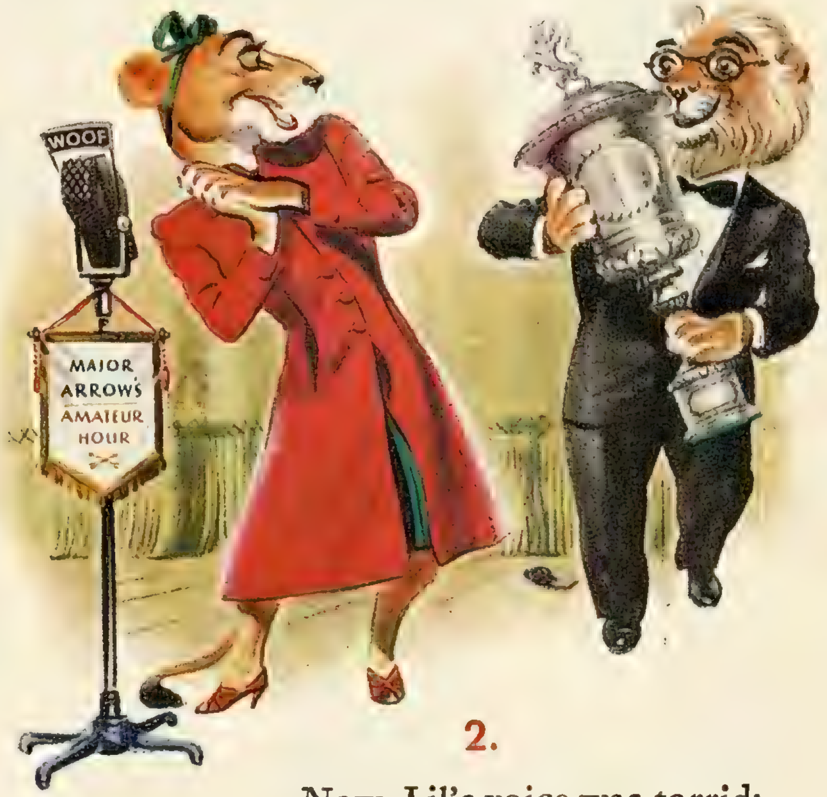
This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



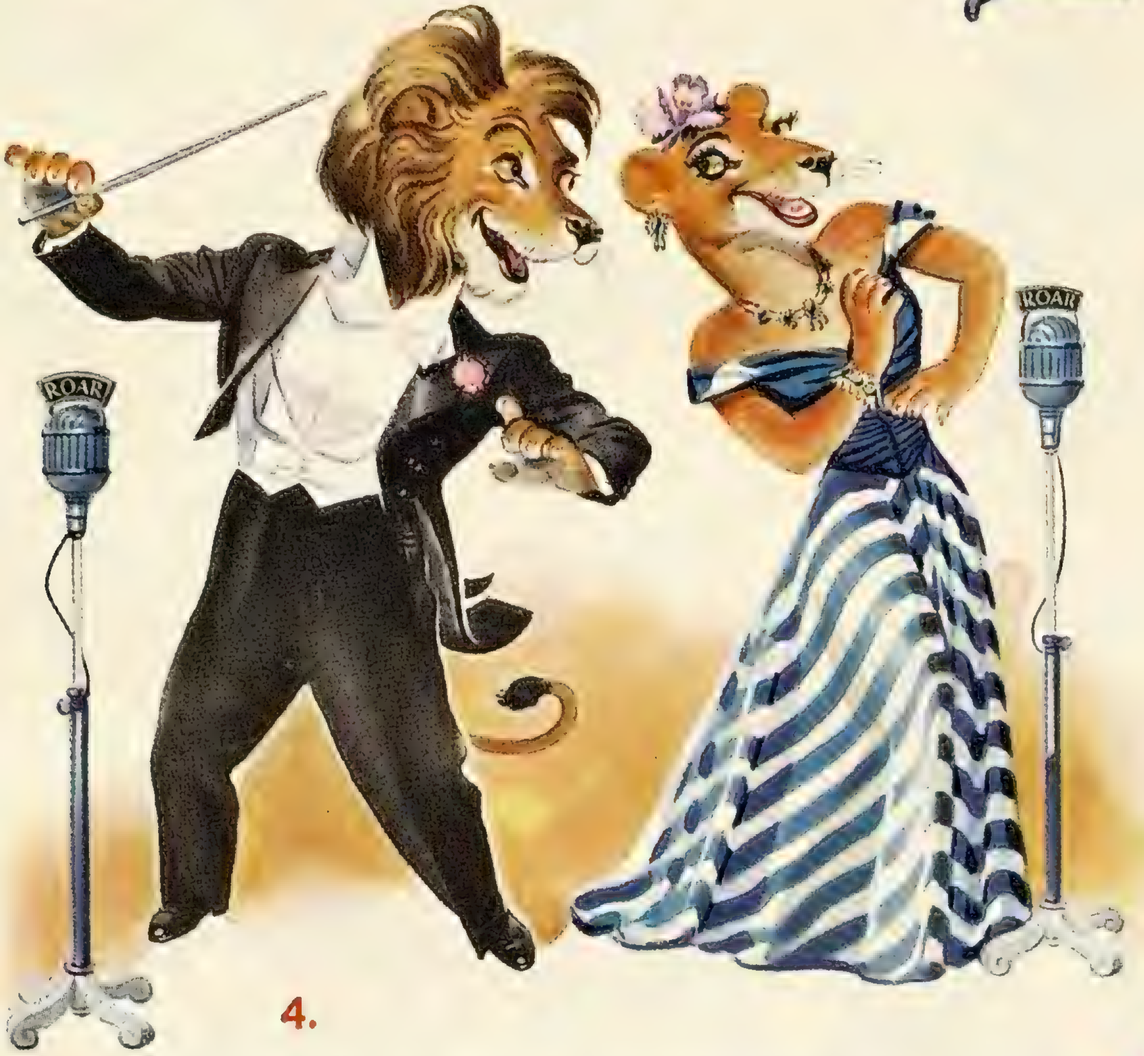
1.

Leo, the Swing-King
(The Jitterbugs' Choice)
Needed a singer
With "oomph" in her voice.


WOOF
MAJOR ARROWS AMATEUR HOUR

2.

Now, Lil's voice was torrid;
It won her the cup
On Maj. Arrow's program—
And Lee signed her up!



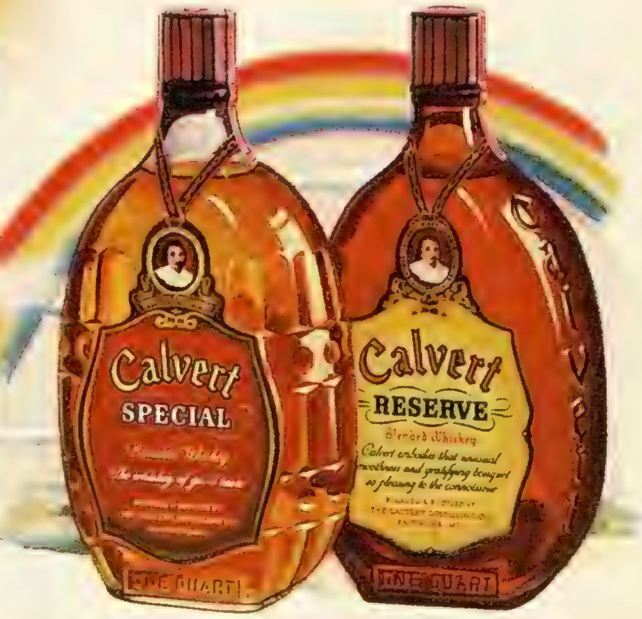
3.

Today, Leo's rhythms
And Lil's golden voice,
Swing out in a blending
That makes fans rejoice!

The same Happy Blending
Wins CALVERT esteem;
Great whiskey traits merge
To make CALVERT supreme!

4.

Yes, CALVERT is smoother; it's mellower, too—
The Happiest Blending your taste ever knew.
So swing now to CALVERT—for one sip will prove
That CALVERT'S *your* whiskey; it's right in the groove!

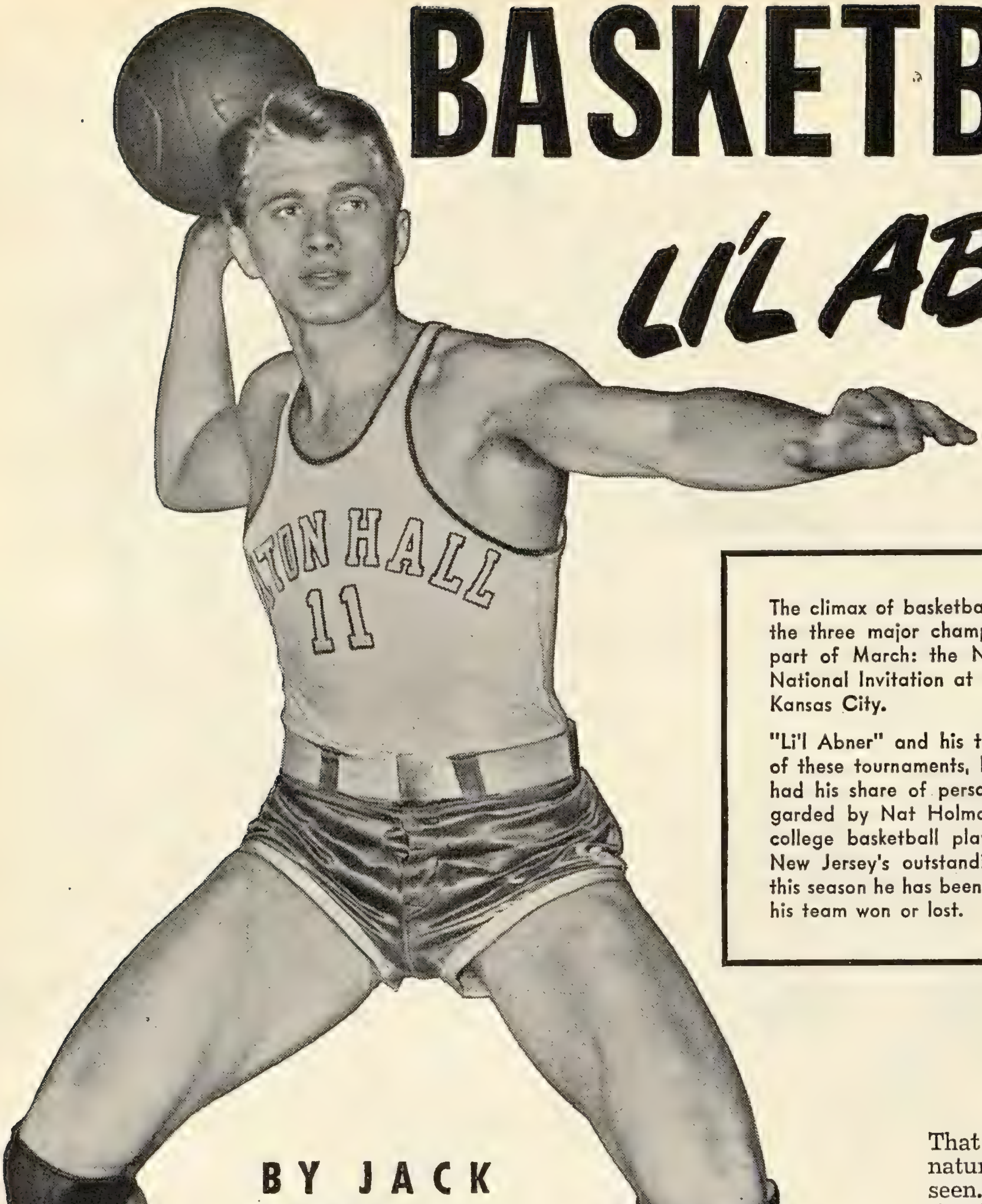

Calvert
SPECIAL
Calvert
RESERVE
ONE QUART
ONE QUART

Clear Heads Choose Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

BASKETBALL'S LI'L ABNER



BY JACK DEMPSEY

IN COLLABORATION
WITH NED BROWN

The climax of basketball's golden jubilee year comes with the three major championship tournaments in the latter part of March: the National A. A. U. at Denver, the National Invitation at New York, and the N. C. A. A. at Kansas City.

"Li'l Abner" and his team may or may not play in any of these tournaments, but "Li'l Abner" at least will have had his share of personal glory. In January the lad, regarded by Nat Holman as "potentially the most gifted college basketball player of the day," was selected as New Jersey's outstanding collegiate athlete. Throughout this season he has been a standout in every game, whether his team won or lost.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ THE lanky chap in the blue shirt was bouncing about like a basketball and, in fact, a basketball was bouncing with him. It looked as if he had it on an invisible string. Now it was in front of him and the next instant it was behind him; now you saw it and now you didn't. I was getting dizzy watching him cavorting back and forth across the floor of the new million-dollar gym at Seton Hall when "Honey" Russell came to my rescue.

"That's him," he said. "That's Bob Davies, the kid you came here to see. Take a good gander at him, for you're looking at one of the most brilliant forwards you're going to see in a long, long time!"

"High praise, that, coming from a guy like you," I said. And then I remembered that John "Honey" Russell was the coach of the Seton Hall basketball teams and the boys out there on the court were all his protégés. "But maybe you're a little bit prejudiced," I added.

"No, Jack," he answered, "I'm not. That boy Davies is one of the greatest natural basketball players I've ever seen. He can do almost anything with that ball, and look how easily he does it! Just watch him. Look at that backhand dribble; see how he eluded that fellow and—there it goes! Right clean into the basket for a score!"

The senior five, consisting of three Bobs—Fisher, Davies, and Holm—with Ken Pine at center and John Ruthenberg at guard, were playing a practice game with the freshman team. And the frosh were putting up a whale of a battle.

For some time rival coaches and players have recognized the extraordinary ability of this young Seton Hall forward, but it was not until near the end of last season that the general public discovered he was a super-basketball player. This was largely due to the fact that Russell had kept his star somewhat under cover in actual games; he hadn't allowed him to "take chances and do tricks."

"It was in the last game of the regular season," reminisced Russell, "and we had gone through that season and the one before without a defeat. The game was close and hard-fought, and just thirty seconds before the end of it; Baltimore University scored a goal, and that put them one point ahead.

"Our fellows got the ball, but they lost it a few seconds later on a foul as the ball went out of bounds. Baltimore elected to throw in, and their man tossed their ball in at an angle. Davies, who has an uncanny basketball sense, anticipated the play, and as the ball came in he made a dive for it, got it, and with one continuous motion pivoted and hurled it for a goal, winning the game just as the whistle blew. That play saved our record of two unbeaten seasons, for a total of forty-two straight victories! It was a thriller."

☆

THE hard-boiled Gotham fans got their first look at Davies in action on a basketball court when Seton Hall clashed with the Rhode Island College five in the invitation tournament at Madison Square Garden last spring. In that game Davies electrified the crowd. He was a "ball of fire" and he certainly did burn up the opposing team. Seton Hall won brilliantly, and the spectators left the Garden singing his praises.

He and his four teammates have been playing as a team ever since their freshman year, and they're all seniors now. They have lost only one game in three years, and that loss came in their first year together. It took Clair Bee's champion Blackbirds of Long Island University to break their streak last season in Madison Square Garden, but that was in a tournament game.

After the practice game I sat in the modern gymnasium—one of the finest I have ever seen, by the way, with its disappearing grandstand seats which can accommodate about 4,000—and talked with Jim Durkin, the publicity director for Seton Hall.

"Well, how did you like Abby?" he asked.

"Abby? Who's Abby?"

"Why, Davies, of course," he laughed. "That's his moniker around here. It's short for 'Li'l Abner.' They nicknamed him that when he first came here. With that shock of yellow hair, the high boots he wears in wintertime, and the amazing feats he performs on the basketball court, he's a dead ringer for the comic-strip character.

"And he's such a modest, unaffected guy, that you can't help but like him.

"He won't talk about himself, so I'd better tell you something about him. He was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on January 15, and christened Robert E. Davies. He's twenty-one years old and he weighs 175 pounds and is six feet two inches tall. Both his parents are alive and he is the oldest of six children; he has four brothers and a sister. After finishing grammar school he attended Edison, Jr., High, and from there went to John Harris High School, where he remained from 1934 to 1937. While there he played baseball and other sports, became captain of the basketball team, and was named on an all-conference team.

"He became a freshman at Franklin and Marshall College, and then was recommended by Al Mamaux, the former major-league pitching star who is coach of our baseball teams. Davies started here as a freshman. He was a pretty good batter and second baseman, but that year he seemed only a fair basketball player. It wasn't until his sophomore year that he began to show the promise of being a great player. About the middle of the season Big Ed Sadowski, our high-scoring basketball star, injured his leg so badly he couldn't play, and Russell suddenly decided to break up his first team and stick in his whole sophomore group just as they were.

"It was then that Davies came to life, and the rest of the boys did too. But it wasn't until last year, as Russell told you, that Davies really flashed. And—well, you saw him out there yourself today."

"You haven't really seen anything yet," said the coach as he joined us. "The boys haven't struck their stride. They have a long season ahead of them, and I don't want to bring them along too fast. But they're improving all the time, and I expect great things of them if we're lucky enough to escape serious injuries. So far we've been pretty lucky."

☆

A LITTLE later I met "Li'l Abner." He was inclined to belittle his own ability and give all credit to the team and the coach. "No matter how good a player may seem, he's only as good as the team," he said. "And the team is made by the coach. If we fellows will only learn and heed what Coach Russell tells us, we'll give a good account of ourselves. He gives us a little every day, and each day we learn more and more. There's an awful lot to basketball."

"What kind of player do you find gives you the toughest opposition?" I asked. He thought for a few moments before he answered:

"Well, there are three kinds of players: there's the cutter, the dribbler, and the set shooter. Of these, the cutter is the toughest to play. The dribbler is the fellow who dribbles the ball down the court until he gets near enough to try for a basket and then shoots. The set shooter doesn't bother much with dribbling but tries for a shot by getting set and tossing. Both of these fellows are easy to figure. But the cutter—he's the one that gives you trouble. He'll feint and cut around you, and you've got to watch out that he doesn't maneuver you so you are bumped by, or are forced to bump into, one of your own teammates. In other words, you not only have to watch him but you've got to watch around and behind yourself also."

Davies himself is a combination of all three and then some, but he was too modest to mention the fact.

He is a bright student and an earnest one. He told me he is working for a B. S. degree and majoring in physical education; he gave his vocational choice as physical education instructor. In the summer he worked at camps as instructor or counselor.

"But I'd like to get a job with some big industrial concern that has a basketball team, and where there would be a chance for advancement," he said. "Last year I received an offer from a big rubber company in Ohio, but turned it down. I told them that I wanted to finish my college education.

"My father, who used to be a pretty good Rugby football player, is a great basketball fan today, and he never misses one of my games. For a while he thought I might turn out to be a professional baseball player, but now I like the court game better. You know, there's a tremendous interest in it—more than in any other game. And this year, what with the added incentive of the 'Golden Ball' games in Madison Square Garden in New York, the Chicago Stadium, and in other cities throughout the country in connection with the Golden Jubilee, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the origin of basketball, there will be more interest than ever."

The game has come a long way since Dr. James Naismith created it fifty years ago in the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y. M. C. A. Today it draws a hundred million spectators a year. When one compares this number with those for other major sports—such as baseball, 70,000,000 (major and minor leagues combined); football, 50,000,000; boxing, 30,000,000; and horse racing, 25,000,000—it speaks for itself.

So far as the picturesque college in South Orange, New Jersey, is concerned, basketball certainly has outdistanced all other sports. "The game is to Seton Hall now what football is to Notre Dame," Jim Durkin told me. "Monsignor James F. Kelley, who came here as the youngest head of a college in America in 1935, and Father Charles Lillis, athletic director of the college, are both ardent basketball fans. You've seen the magnificent gymnasium that's been built here through their efforts. And basketball made it possible."

☆

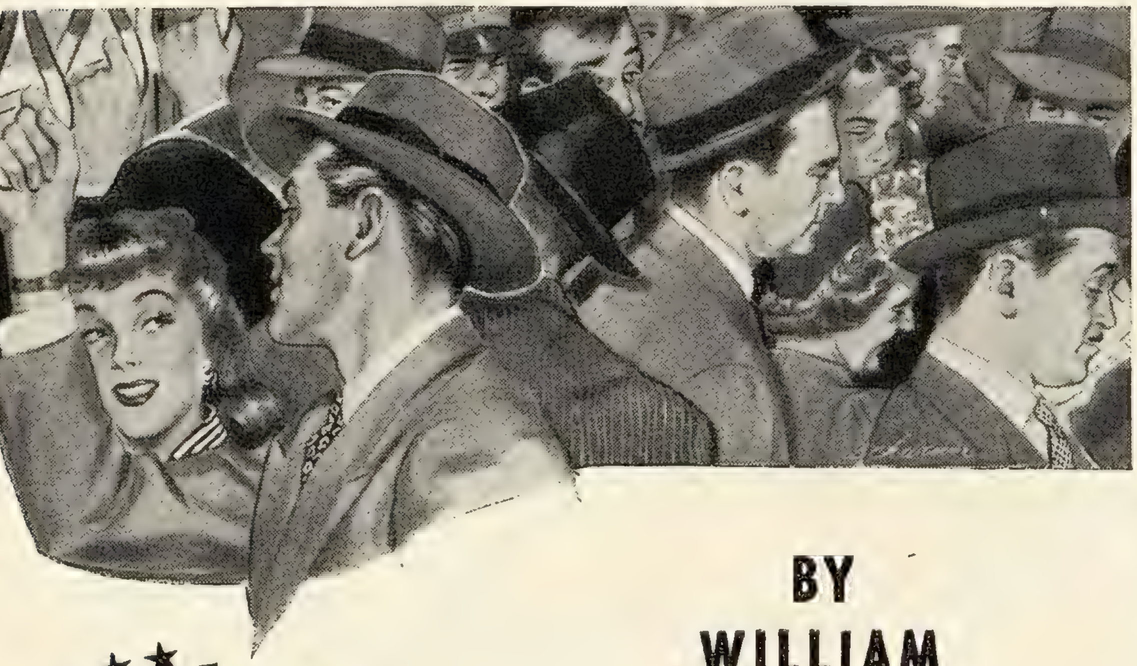
AT a luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to launch the drive for the Naismith Memorial and Basketball Hall of Fame, which was attended by many famous old-time basketball men and noted coaches of more recent times, several of them were asked about Davies. The consensus was that he is the most colorful college player in the game.

"He's a great card for the fans," said Nat Holman, himself one of the greatest stars the game ever produced. "He's a personality and chock full of color. And that's what basketball—or any other sport—needs."

Hank Luisetti, the former All-America ace of Stanford, now playing professionally with the Phillips Oilers, national champions last year, was Bob Davies' idol after whom he patterned his style. But now it looks as if the "Li'l Abner" of the courts would surpass his hero.

THE END

TWO HALF HOURS



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY WILLIAM DU BOIS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ THE Times Square rush hour carried the girl down the stairs a step ahead of him. Carter had no time to wonder if her smile had been as unpremeditated as his own. Certainly he could blame no one but fate—and a subway guard's knee—when he found himself breathlessly close to her on the Grand Central shuttle. When she spoke, as casually as though she had known him forever—

"I couldn't help it. New Yorkers never seem to smile."

"Is this your first visit?" asked Carter politely.

"My very first. You see, I ran away from home to go on the stage." She made this astounding statement quite calmly, smiling again at Carter's raised eyebrows. "Of course, you didn't *ask* for my life history."

"Could I hear it over a cocktail—at the Waldorf?"

"Why not?"

And why, thought Carter, *shouldn't I feel relaxed, on this the first pick-up of my lifetime? Why, in heaven's name, should I be thinking only of Mary and of our perennial quarrel?*

In a craftily dimmed lounge at the Waldorf, a waiter brought Martinis.

"Now," she said. "tell me why you smiled back. You *are* a New Yorker, aren't you?"

"Let's say I'm a commuter; that I'm missing the five fifteen because of that smile. . . . D'you know what it means to a commuter's life when he misses the five fifteen?"

The girl's chin was cupped in her hands. He saw, incredulously, that her eyes were starry with interest now. "Go on," she said softly.

"First, there's his wife. Commuters' wives always meet the five fifteen—no matter how violently they've quarreled at breakfast. Let's say this particular commuter isn't aboard tonight. Of course he'll be on the six seventeen, but she doesn't know it yet. Why, for the next half hour she may think their quarrel was permanent."

"No quarrel is permanent," said the girl.

"Let's say this commuter writes radio commercials for a living. It's a good living, too: house in Stamford, new car, defense bonds. But he had talent when he was younger. At Princeton he was marked for the theater. After Princeton he resolved to write plays, or nothing; and that resolve still plagues him on spring mornings. This morning, for example—when he held forth at length on his wasted life. When his wife answered back—he walked out."

"What was her answer?"

"A gentle reminder that life is the enjoyment of what you are—not what you'd like to be."

"Is that all?"

"One life story, told in the third person for the sake of its sponsor. It's your turn now."

"But I told you everything on the subway. I ran away from a good home to go on the stage."

"Really, now—"

"The fact is, I'm living here at the Waldorf while I wait for my first part. . . . So, you see, you've brought me back where I belong."

Carter studied her carefully. "We've still five minutes of that half hour. Will you have another?"

"I don't need another," said the girl. "And you haven't five minutes. Look at that clock in the lobby."

Carter looked dutifully—and reached for his hat. "Thanks for warning me."

"What would happen if you missed the six seventeen too?"

"I wouldn't dare wonder." And then Carter did something that was an enigma even to himself. Bending awkwardly, he took the girl's hand and kissed it. An odd kiss, fraternal, tender.

"Good luck with that Broadway career."

There was no hint of disloyalty to Mary in words or action. In fact, when he swung aboard his train with whole seconds to spare, he found that Mary's image had never been brighter in his mind, never more desirable.

To save his life, he could not have told you why.

☆ WHEN Carter had left her, the girl went slowly to the hotel desk to ask for a room key. In a small jewel of a suite twenty stories above Park Avenue, she sat for a long time staring down at a sheet of hotel stationery before she began to write.

" . . . so this has been my address for the past week. Does it take a load off your mind to learn that I'm alive and well? Or were you taking that for granted, just as you always do?

"No, my Broadway career has not yet begun; in fact, I'm a long way from being starred in my first production. Would it interest you to know that I've never been so lonely in my life—until today, when a man smiled at me in the subway?"

At this point she tore her letter slowly into small pieces and started over. . . .

". . . This evening I picked up a man in the subway, of all places. I'd been nerving myself to the act for a whole week now. If a nameless Chicago hussy could turn the trick, so could Joan Stevens. If *she* could make a strange man take her to lunch at the Drake, Joan could certainly do likewise.

"Oddly enough, my pick-up brought me here to the Waldorf. We had a Martini in the lounge; and we talked for a whole half hour. Or should I say that he told me all about himself without meaning to? Perhaps it will amuse you to learn that I discovered—"

But what *had* she discovered, after all?

Joan Stevens paused with her pen in mid-air. Perhaps this was a revelation too precious to be tortured into a phrase. Perhaps it could never be put into words.

There were telegraph blanks in the hotel writing desk. She reached for one eagerly, and wrote, with no pause for inspiration:

THOMAS STEVENS
COUNTRY CLUB ROAD
SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS
MEET SIX FORTY SATURDAY COMING HOME TO STAY I LOVE YOU
JOAN

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE PEARL HARBOR—Continued from Page 11

A grimly amusing feature of this remarkable document was a preamble which reminded Japanese in America that the Pacific Ocean belied its name—that it was not really pacific. Too bad that America, before Pearl Harbor, did not realize this same fact!

An important part of the doctor's official duties was the collection of funds ostensibly for comfort kits, etc., to be sent to Japanese soldiers in China. It was at this time that he blossomed out as semiofficial host to visiting Jap celebrities in southern California. His budget, although obviously generous, was at all times subject to approval by Tokyo. The "home office" sent him each month through official channels in Los Angeles huge editions of Uni-No Nippon, a monthly propaganda magazine printed in Tokyo.

Meanwhile, at the Weller Street address, the good doctor continued his humble services as "post office" and "we answer your telephone twenty-four hours every day" for visiting and resident spies.

☆ LESS frankly subversive but equally effective were the Jap organizations with a civic or social front, some of which even masked their pro-Japanese activities behind campaigns for the "Americanization" of their members!

Oldest and perhaps most powerful of the civic organizations was the Japanese Association of America, whose membership consisted exclusively of *Issei,* or first-generation Japanese aliens, and whose avowed purpose was to protect the rights of these noncitizens.

It was a simple matter to enlist large numbers of even quite respectable first-generation Japs in support of this organization, because they stood in continual fear of the prejudice against them on account of the unfair cheap-labor competition they offered to American workmen. By the same token, it was easy to obtain money from these members for the Jap war chest and any kind of propaganda or espionage work which would build up the naval power of Japan, because they regarded that power as a protection for themselves.

Playing on this fear of a danger which did not exist, so long as they and their country behaved themselves, this and other Jap "civic" societies amassed large sums for which no one had to account except to Tokyo.

Closely allied to these civic societies were the commercial ones, some of which were openly official, like the Japanese Tourist Bureau, which was the representative in this country of the Board of Tourist Industry in the Ministry of Government Railways. Others, like the Japanese Chamber of Commerce, apparently had an independent existence with members loyal to America, but many of the leaders furthered the activities of Buddhist and Shinto churches and Japanese-

Teacher Jones flunks test

MISS JONES NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but she has to be in the classroom by 9 and she has a hard day ahead.

"Better put off taking anything till tonight," she decides. She doesn't know about quick-acting laxatives.

MISS JONES, annoyed by constipation symptoms, can't manage the children at all.

When the principal visits her class, Miss Jones is irritable, makes a bad impression.

Teacher Smith scores triumph

MISS SMITH NEEDS A LAXATIVE; she has to be in class by 9. Her day is crowded, too.

But she doesn't put off till tonight taking the laxative she needs this morning. She takes speedy Sal Hepatica!

MISS SMITH—free of discomfort—is at ease when the principal visits *her* room.

Her students are models of good behavior. She is grateful for Sal Hepatica's speedy relief.

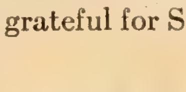
Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

DON'T PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning! Take *speedy,* gentle Sal Hepatica!

It usually acts within an hour. Brings gentle, effective relief by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. No griping. No discomfort.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

And bear in mind, Sal Hepatica does even *more:* it has a decidedly helpful effect in reducing excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.



Next time you need a laxative, take speedy, sparkling Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. W. T.

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at Louisville in Kentucky

language schools which were, as we have seen, too often mere fronts for espionage activities.

Prominent leaders of one especially active trade guild performed valiant service in housing visiting naval officers and espionage officers, and acting as "post offices" for the receipt and transmission of secret information.

The Japs early organized a co-ordinating body called the Central Japanese Association of America, the officers of which were chosen by representatives of the member organizations. Besides any propaganda and espionage duties, this organization was purportedly a clearinghouse for war funds en route to Japan.

☆ BUT, whatever the individual assignments of these various organizations might be, members loyal to Japan had one purpose in common, and to accomplish it they were expected to render detailed reports on all information regarding United States army and navy personnel and movements and production progress in defense industries.

How well this requirement was met is witnessed by the fact that one prominent Japanese executive in Los Angeles, charged with collating and forwarding all of this confidential information to the appropriate authorities in Japan, was, in the six months preceding December, 1941, believed to be the busiest man in the United States.

The Japanese women, of whom there are not so many in this country, were not overlooked. The Patriotic Women's Society, or Aikoku Fugin-Kai, was the chief vehicle for their Orientalized Mata Hari activities. The wife of a Japanese consul was official front woman for this philanthropic enterprise, whose chief interest was supposed to be relief for bereaved families of Japanese soldiers lost in China. The fact is that the monies collected by the society's members were probably used for the building of Japanese airplanes now being used against us, and that the most active of these charitably minded ladies was Sachiko Furusawa, wife of that genial Japanese doctor with the extraordinarily active practice whose offices were at 117½ Weller Street, Los Angeles.

Sachiko, an exceedingly young-looking woman in spite of what must have been her middle years, was an even more interesting character than her husband. Darker and more typically Japanese than he, she kept herself in prime condition by wrestling, fencing, dancing, and—this is her own story—the recitation of verse. Whatever her training methods, the results were fine. She had what it took. Allegedly the former wife of a Japanese naval officer, she allegedly left him to become a chambermaid in a Japanese inn, and later, not allegedly but indubitably, came to America, got a job as a waitress in a Los Angeles Jap restaurant, met up with the doc, then a medical student, diverted her meager tips to assist him to complete his medical education, married him, and took up with him the business of furthering Japan's every interest.

As his fortunes rose, hers soared. She went back to Japan to "console the wounded Japanese soldiers," and spent her time instead conferring with the admiral of the fleet and other high officials. Back in Los Angeles, she became increasingly influential in the Patriotic Women's Society. At one point she tried to form a Jap-American U. S. O. to entertain young Jap selectees in the army camps, but this not-too-subtle gesture didn't seem to go so well with the army bosses. So she settled down to being official hostess to visiting Japanese naval officers, of whom she entertained so many that she became known on their warships as "the Mother of the Japanese Navy." But in the Jap colony at Los Angeles she was known as the "big shot," the "brain," the moving spirit behind the whole Japanese system.

The Japanese government, however, left nothing to the chance efforts of individuals. Everything was organized to the last detail and operated under the close supervision of ranking military and naval officers stationed in this country for that purpose. For example, among the carefully guarded records of the Nippon Kiagun Kyokai, the all-powerful naval secret society, was found this significant order from the General Affairs director in Tokyo to the head of the American branch:

"With regard to requesting help from Commander Nagasawa, who, after gaining the assent of the Naval Minister, has been stationed as Naval Attaché in your locality, you are instructed in the future to carry out all matters after thorough consultation with him."

☆ THIS would be proof, if proof were needed, that Jap spies in this country and the secret societies to which they belonged were operating under the direct supervision of high government officials in Tokyo and through officers of the Imperial army and navy stationed in the United States. But that is only half the story this order tells.

Diligent search of the diplomatic and consulate records of the Japanese government fails to reveal the name of Naval Attaché Nagasawa. He was a naval commander all right—that we know. And he performed what seems to have been the chief duty of such officials in America—espionage. But he kept his rank and his business strictly under cover.

Ostensibly he was a humble Japanese schoolboy who had come all the way across the Pacific to learn how to speak English!

There was also, you will remember, that humble seeker after knowledge—he was actually a lieutenant commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy—who lost his life in a Hollywood auto accident. So important was this seemingly unimportant young man that within an hour forty automobiles filled with prominent Los Angeles Japs had reached the funeral parlor.

Among the first to arrive was the Japanese consul himself. He was all but frantic. The body, he insisted, and all papers on it, must be turned over to him at once. The Los Angeles sheriff promptly complied, and the consul publicly praised the sheriff's office in the local press for its courtesy and co-operation. But if, by any remote chance, the gentleman reads these lines, he may learn for the first time that between the time of the lieutenant commander's crash and his own arrival on the scene, the authorities had not been idle.

Then there was that other language student, Toshio Miyazaki, an undergraduate at Leland Stanford University, who paid Harry Thomas Thompson to betray the naval secrets of his country. Part of the information uncovered at that time by J. Edgar Hoover and his F. B. I. was that the traitor's first meeting with Stanford student Lieutenant Commander Toshio Miyazaki had been arranged by high Japanese officials in Washington.

☆ THESE were not sporadic instances of language-student activities. They were in every case part of an international plan for the spreading of subversive propaganda and the collection of military and naval secrets. The task was far beyond the resources of the regular embassy and consulate staffs. Hence the idea of "naval attachés" advantageously located and easily accessible to the individual Japanese. For any such unjustifiable distribution of ranking army and navy officers in a friendly country, some disguise must be adopted. Physical disguise was, of course, impossible; Japs carried their nationality in their faces. A vocational disguise therefore must be found. Hence the language students.

These young men, usually lieutenant commanders or commanders in the Imperial Navy, were assigned to at least six months' preliminary training in the Naval Intelligence Service in Tokyo. On arrival in the United States they reported to the Japanese Embassy in Washington, which was the G. H. Q. of Jap activities, and they remained for a brief time on duty in Washington under the watchful eyes of embassy officials.

Then, as fast as they acquired a working knowledge of English, they were told off to take technical courses in American universities, with instructions to travel extensively throughout the United States and Canada during all vacation periods. When their education in American customs and conditions was believed to be complete, they were assigned to residence in American key cities like Boston, Philadelphia, and New York on the east coast, and Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles on the west coast.

Once established, they either continued their "education" by enrolling as students in neighboring universi-

"If You're a Simon Legree I'm Little Eva!"

"So you're the big, bold villain! Hmm—you don't look it to me!"

"I'm glad you didn't know me *when*. Thoroughly disagreeable! Nerves shot, jumpy . . . tough to get along with. I had a perpetual . . ."

"A perpetual what?"

"Grouch. Like this! And then I was told that I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"And what in the world is that?"

"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I drank two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S a day in tomato juice . . ."

"I know what FLEISCHMANN'S can do for people, but what's all this about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take it. Look! Mash a cold cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Dee-licious!"

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Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the entire Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and liver. If you bake at home, remember: even Vitamin A in FLEISCHMANN'S is not appreciably lost in the oven. Vitamins A, B_1, D and G go right into your bread.

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ties or accepted posts as instructors in Japanese-language schools, of which there were a great many, especially on the Pacific coast. These language schools were similar to the German- and Italian- *and* Japanese-language schools in South America, which have made our good-neighbor policy there so difficult.

☆ BESIDES their regular espionage work, these young officers were able, through the schools, to influence the Nisei or second-generation Japs born in this country and consequently possessing United States citizenship. As the American-born Jap child grew older, he was apt to ponder chance remarks dropped by his parents about the hardships they had suffered in Japan and the comparative luxury which he and they were now enjoying in the United States, and also to compare, to Japan's disadvantage, the rigid totalitarian system to which his parents had been subjected with the freedom of speech and action enjoyed in the United States. In short, he was likely to begin to appreciate what it meant to be an American citizen. Against that tendency, these dashing young officers, teaching in Japanese-language schools and instilling Japanese principles and aims, became bulwarks in the cause of Jap solidarity in this country.

Their main duties, however, concerned the gathering of espionage data through individual spies and organizations like the Japanese Naval Association, and the transmission of this information to their superiors in Tokyo.

Most highly publicized of these "naval attaché" language students was Itaru Tachibana, who had those fantastic dealings with Kono, former valet-secretary for a screen star, and Keeno, King of the Robots, otherwise Al Blake, a former sailor in the United States navy.

Kono, long since off the film star's payroll, strolled into Keeno's concession at the Treasure Island World's Fair, recalled the good old days when both had moved in movie circles, refreshed Keeno, or Blake, with subsequent lunches and dinners in Los Angeles, and then, having suddenly recalled that he had served four years in the United States navy, introduced him amid great mystery to a certain Mr. Yamato (Itaru Tachibana), whom he described as "pay-off man for the Jap navy."

Blake led Tachibana on to the point of proposing to finance a trip to Honolulu to secure naval papers from a mythical friend, a yeoman aboard the United States flagship Pennsylvania. He then communicated with Naval Intelligence in Los Angeles, which promptly communicated with the F. B. I. Blake made two trips to Hawaii and brought back carefully prepared fake information, for which "Mr. Yamato" paid him sums in excess of $2,000.

Yamato, or Tachibana, was a typical Jap language student. Educated in Tokyo at the Japanese Naval Academy and Naval War College and commissioned a lieutenant commander, he entered the United States in 1930 ostensibly to learn English, and after the usual preliminary training in Washington, took courses in United States history and foreign relations at the University of Pennsylvania, then went to Los Angeles and enrolled for a brief course at the University of Southern California.

As a result of the Blake affair he was arrested on June 7 of last year by the F. B. I., but he was promptly "sprung" by the Japanese consulate, which arranged a bail of $50,000. Kono was also picked up by the F. B. I. But, for diplomatic reasons, the charges were not pressed against either Jap. Tachibana was "allowed" to leave promptly for Japan, and Kono continued under strict surveillance until December 7, when he was promptly taken into custody by the Hoover men.

☆ IN Tachibana's apartment, which the G-men, acting under a search warrant, thoroughly examined, was found much valuable information which led to the discovery and, in one case at least, to the precipitated and requested departure from these shores of other naval officers disguised as language students. The case referred to was that of Sadatomo Okada, who, finding that his diplomatic passport had expired and that the G-men had discovered his hide-out in a Seattle Japanese hotel, made a hurried automobile trip to Los Angeles to deposit a suitcaseful of records with Tachibana.

The suitcase was later found to contain, among other things, a navigation chart of Puget Sound and Alaska, a map of the Seattle area with airports marked in red ink, another map showing the location of defense industries and shipyards, reports on the money invested in defense plants and the progress of defense work, specifications of United States submarine net chargers, mine sweepers, and destroyers, aerial photographs showing location of logging camps, roads, etc.

So anxious was Okada to deliver these important documents into Tachibana's keeping that he was arrested twice for speeding en route to Los Angeles, and on one occasion had to be handcuffed to calm his anger at being held up by a "mere civilian." He arrived with his precious suitcase at Tachibana's home just in time to have his records, along with his friend and *his* records, seized by the F. B. I.

Another grim bit of humor connected with the G-men's descent on the Los Angeles spy nest was the discovery that it had pleased His Imperial Majesty Hirohito to promote language student Itaru Tachibana, while he was still ostensibly engaged only in the pursuit of American culture, from lieutenant commander to commander in the Japanese Imperial Navy!

THE END

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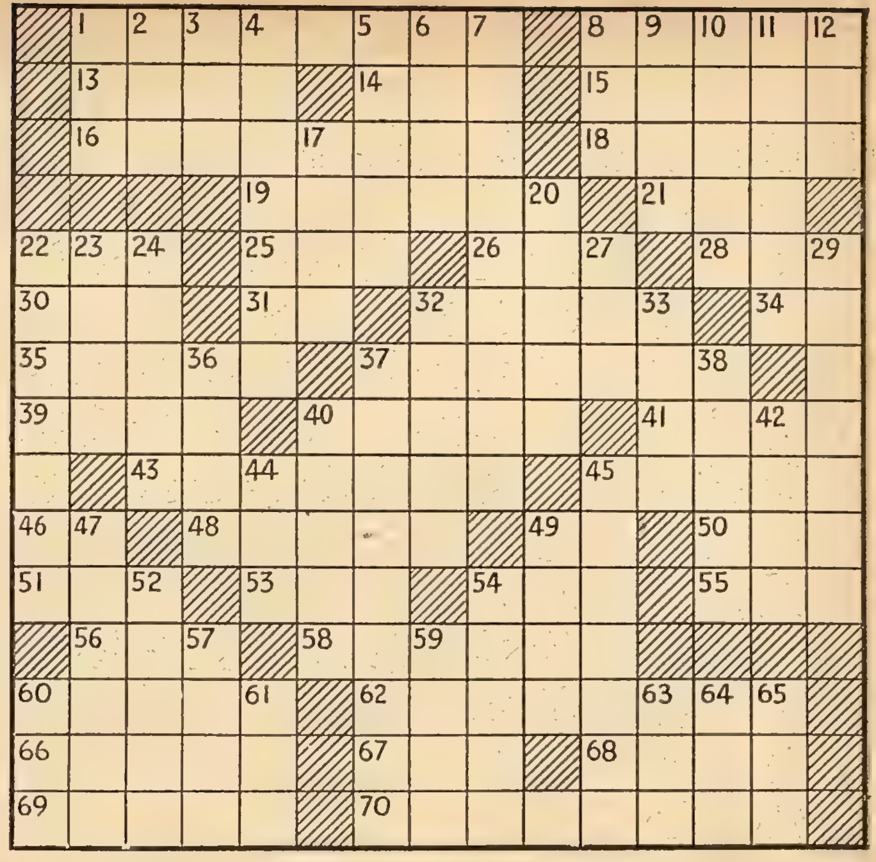
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 It keeps me in the dark trying to puzzle out how this is saved
8 Terrier termites
13 Man Mountain Dean's chief asset
14 Jumbo jaloppy
15 When this begins to scream, the Japs will have plenty of claws for complaint
16 The cry of Parliament when Churchill speaks (two words)
18 Figure (non-female)
19 What we have of rubber right now
21 Poor little Ritz girl
22 Wooden banana peel
25 Chattanooga chew-chew
26 Undesirable Audible Soupsnufflers (abbr.)
28 You've got to have plenty in a scenic railway
30 Jupiter made a goat out of this guy
31 Chattanooga choo-choo (abbr.)
32 Glass of vinegar
34 A quick sew for a short spell
35 Thingums
37 Check picker-uppers and other good fellows
39 Hitler in a bedsheet
40 General head of a Union
41 Kitty food
43 What motorized rubbernecks will have to give up
45 It has its ups and downs with the gal across the way, revealing her true nature
46 Half cash
48 Paddywhacker
49 Jerky Mamas (abbr.)
50 That Hawaiian mess
51 Nice clean-cut-throating lad
53 Here's a point for you sea dogs
54 It makes Hitler sick to look at it
55 Culbertson's I-deal college man
56 Some day this dirt'll be on Hitler
58 Schoolboy love-letter carriers
60 They pull for Hitler's team
62 This holds about twenty tons of peanuts
66 Looks on pusses
67 What you can never do from the gallery seats
68 Ex-Free-for-all-State
69 Barflies, $1 borrowers, and fresh shrimps
70 The dregs of love, after sentiment's gone

VERTICAL

1 This is had from the rear
2 Ain't in the South
3 Congress declared war with one big one
4 These fatheads spread it on thick (slang)
5 How whales never feel the morning after
6 What children never do well on bath night
7 Screwing things up in the Middle Ages
8 Stoked up
9 What the little red hen did
10 Urged
11 Stories about time and place
12 What we will make the Rising Sun do
17 First thing you do with your ears
20 British female relative
22 Domesticated poison ivy
23 This Smith, a mighty gal is she!
24 How you find lazybones
27 Sex, singular
29 After a big shake-up in Italy, they got a lot of dirt on this hot spot
32 How the original Model A got its start
33 Factory for rambling wrecks
36 Bullsighs
37 What daddy thinks his little girl is
38 Soldiers whistle at a good one (female)
40 Felicitous facial fissures
42 DiMaggio's a member of this class
44 Nonunion Red
45 What MacArthur's men do (two words; colloq.)
47 He kick Jap in belly bad place
49 Mechanized scooter; motorized jack rabbit
52 Superlative items in Limburger factories
54 It carried a lot of ancient armor
57 Bumper crop
59 Where the navy feels safest
60 Super-duper supercharger (abbr.)
61 Sister's Sapheaded Swain (abbr.)
63 A very backward era
64 Past tense of non
65 Steel egg's yolk (abbr.)

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ARIL ARM SUM SODA
FACE LOO ADE AVER
AGOG PARAGON BELT
RENAL■RODE■ADORES
   TOM■SO■SCOT
LATERITE■SPIN■ASS
IRE■ELA■BLANK■NEO
PALE■OPERA■GENIAL
  ARE■SPITE■YAM
BEMIRE■IDEAL■BASS
AGO■APACE■SAC■TIP
TON■SIPS■CEMETERY
   CEDE■OH■ERA
DERIDE■IDOL■ELITE
ABET MODELED EDEN
DOTE ICE ENE NEED
ONES CAM REE TANS
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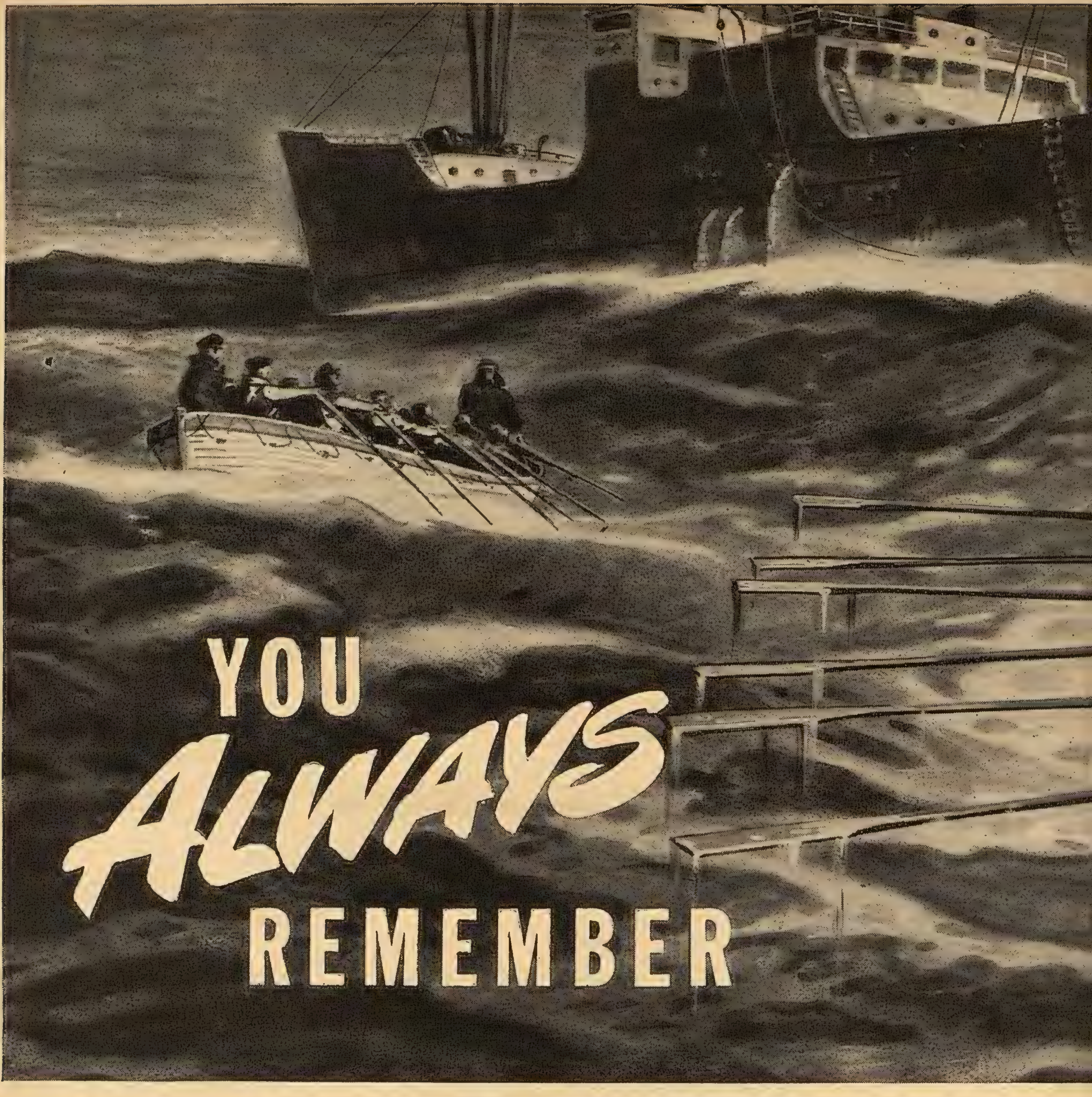
Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A Tip-Off From Mr. HI and Mr. HATT

I'm through with trying odds and ends, I find it too upsetting—
Just stick to silky Kessler's, pal, and stop your silly fretting!
HI
HATT
MENU
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO. INC. BALTIMORE, MD. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.



YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER

His men said the captain was afraid to fight. Then came a prowling U-boat, and a surprise!

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ *IN every war the old ships are hauled off the mud flats and sent to sea with a lick and a promise of paint, and the old captains are called out of retirement. People start making the same mistakes that were made last time—a new generation has to learn the hard way because the older one forgets what it once knew. It forgets the mud and the blood, and how a shattered ship looks when she heels and goes. It remembers only the things that might be called pleasant.*

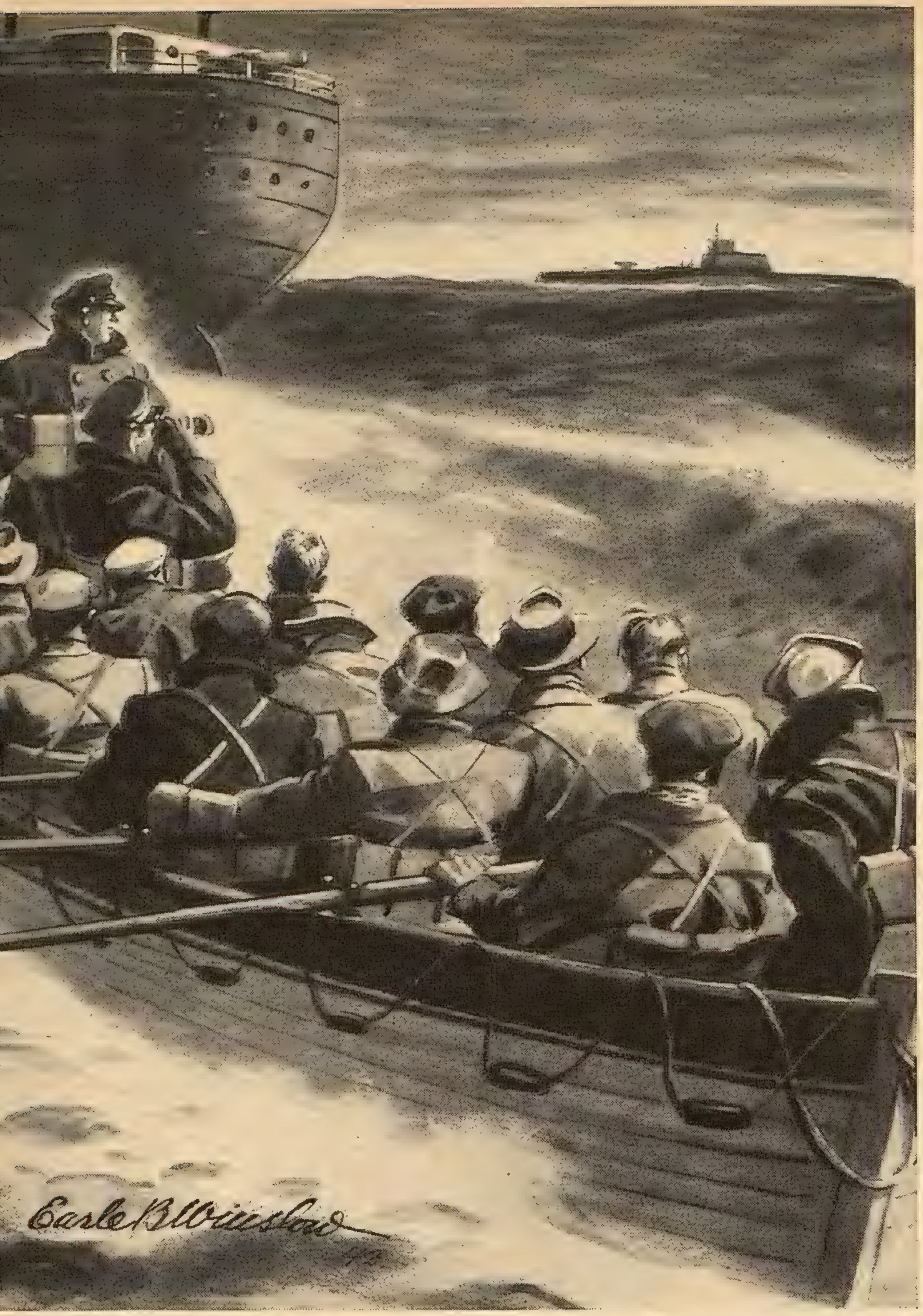
THE day he went down to the sea again was a wintry one and fit to end the quiet years, the sunny years of peace. The water was drab as an unwashed slate and alive with a furtive uneasiness. Low swells rolled silently past the barnacled pilings; once in the darkness beneath the wharves, they made ghastly noises. And yonder the old Westbrook lay, creaking her rope fenders against the pier.

She hasn't changed, Captain Andrews thought. He halted to study her unlovely bulk, and this, in a way, was acknowledging a kinship. The captain had grown old, too. His face was still that of a seagoing man, square and stubborn hard, and marked by weathers from Cape Race to the Horn; he had been a taller man and heavier, and the old pea jacket now hung shapelessly from his shoulders.

He went over the gangplank, and he climbed the bridge ladder slowly—not from age, but because he was preoccupied with the thought and feeling that all this had happened before. Most likely it would happen again.

Next time? Captain Andrews thought. *Next time I won't be here. And I haven't forgotten how it was, either. If I can help, it's now. . . .*

He stood in the bridge wing, thankful for having been spared for this



ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW

Captain Andrews got suddenly to his feet. "It's time!" he said. "Rest on your oars!"

• • •

chance. A big red-faced man came from the wheelhouse.

"Good morning, sir," he said cheerily. "I'm Mr. Danvers—first mate."

The captain grunted. He was watching the crew stowing cargo in number one hold under direction of a red-headed young mate. Loading her deep with food for Britain. . . .

"Welcome aboard, captain," Mr. Danvers went on. "Everything's shipshape—considering. The crew's not the best, but we'll manage. Chief Dodd says the engines are pretty bad, but he appears competent. Oh, I imagine we'll get over all right enough, being in convoy!"

Captain Andrews took a stubby black pipe from his pocket. He looked coldly at the first mate.

"Don't be so damned optimistic, Mr. Danvers," he growled. "I had this ship for several years after the last war, and even that long ago she was bad. Her engines will break down. And if being in convoy will get us across safely, I'll join a church. What's that up forward?"

"You mean the gun, sir?" Mr. Danvers asked, reddening even more. "It was installed at the navy yard. A four-inch, I believe. If we're attacked, I imagine we can give a good account of ourselves."

"Oh, you do, eh?" said Captain Andrews. "Well, that's more of your unwarranted optimism. It's a three-inch, not a four, and it wouldn't blow my cap off. And who do you think would shoot it?"

"Why, sir, McLean—he's the second mate, down there—"

"Probably neither McLean nor any of the rest of those young sprouts ever fired anything bigger than a twelve-gauge," the captain sniffed. "They've lots to learn. And so, I imagine, have you!"

The first mate stiffened. "I've been going to sea for twenty-one years!" he said. "I've sailed in lots of ships better than this one!"

"And the last war has been over twenty-four years. And the better ships you've had won't help you with one like this. If there ever was a worse one, I haven't seen it!"

Mr. Danvers eyed him curiously. "If you think so little of her, captain, may I ask why you asked the line to give you her command?"

"Why?" repeated Captain Andrews slowly. "Why? Well . . . there's a war, isn't there? She's going to sea again, isn't she?" And he turned away with the air of one who has clinched an argument. He went into his cabin abaft the bridge, and called Mr. Danvers after him.

"Get the carpenter and take that chart table out," he said. "I want a workbench rigged in its place. Big enough to hold some potted plants. Ever grow things with chemicals and electric lights, Mr. Danvers?"

The mate shook his head.

"Well, don't," advised Captain Andrews. "You'd expect too much, being an optimist. I've farmed since retiring. The one thing I've learned is to expect nothing. You can depend on a good piece of machinery, Mr. Danvers. You can even count on human behavior, because we are all imitators—we follow a pattern. But count on Nature, and she'll slap you in the face. See what I mean?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Mr. Danvers, who only saw corroboration of a rumor he'd heard—that Captain Elam Andrews was a bit unhinged.

"So," mused the old man, "some day we'll use chemicals for soil and electricity for sunlight. We'll grow things bigger and better than ever before, and we'll need to—after this war. Oh, yes, Mr. Danvers—call me when the express truck comes alongside. It's bringing my tools and plants and a few cases of my Florida grapefruit."

☆ WIND died with the daylight. The Westbrook slipped her moorings and stood wheezing down the channel to rendezvous with the convoy in the open sea. The swells ran high and the Westbrook limped and was filled with small doleful complainings that found an echo in the saloon, where the officers off watch waited dinner.

"Eight knots!" grumbled Dodd, the chief engineer. He was a quiet man, middle-aged and bald; he had to raise his voice against the sound of hammering in the skipper's cabin. "We can make that by putting on every pound of steam we can make. Do it long, and something'll bust!"

"Yes, if we aren't high aground in a hayfield by then!" said young Tommy

McLean. He was cocksure, and discipline sometimes chafed his square shoulders, and he had temper to match his hair. He said, "I mean—well, the old man . . ." and then clamped his jaw shut.

Mr. Danvers laughed bitterly for an optimist. "Say it," he counseled. "He's been a farmer, and he'll always be. I've seen his kind. They'll do for regular peacetime runs. But this is war! *I've* rated a master's ticket for years. And the line gets sentimental and brings back an old farmer when it puts on an extra ship."

"What's he doing now?" Dodd asked. "It's time to eat."

Tommy McLean jerked a thumb toward the hammering. "Puttering around with potted tomato plants and electric wiring! And not room left in that cabin to swing a cat, with the four cases of grapefruit he had stowed there. Is he going to eat all that himself?"

☆

JOHNSON, the Negro steward, turned from setting the table. "No, sir, he ain't," he declared. "Cap'n told me to pay that grapefruit no never-mind. Says nobody eats it. Says"—and he rolled his eyes—"grapefruit will keep submarine crews from gittin' scurvy!"

Mr. Danvers jumped. "*Submarine* crews? That's funny!"

"Funny?" Dodd repeated. "Maybe it ain't so funny at that. You can't tell, now—"

The door opened to interrupt him. Captain Andrews grunted a good evening and sank heavily into his chair at the head of the table.

"Mr. Dodd," he asked, "how are the engines behaving?"

"Bad," the chief engineer said glumly. "We'll be the slowest ship in the convoy."

"That so?" the captain said cheerily. "Well, if we can't keep up, we can't keep up. I never did like convoys, anyway. Rather go alone."

"But we're under orders, and so are the rest," Mr. Danvers reminded. "If we lag, they'll have to wait for us."

"Maybe," the captain said. He began on his soup, then put down the spoon. "I want a tarpaulin rigged over that gun. Make it look like a winch."

McLean's eyes sparkled. "Like one of the Q-ships of the last war, sir? Could we rig a collapsible dummy deckhouse over it, captain?"

"The tarpaulin will be sufficient, Mr. McLean," said the captain.

"But it'll slow us in getting the gun into action, sir! I've organized a crew, captain. I had some R. O. T. C. training, and two of the men are experienced. Di Martini served a cruise in the navy and Bromley was in the Royal Artillery."

The captain's brows lowered. "We'll leave the gun covered!"

McLean was opening his mouth, but Mr. Danvers kicked his shin under the table. They were dealing, he realized, with an eccentric. Best not to antagonize him. And if you gave a man enough rope . . .

"What's your plan if we're attacked, captain?" he asked quietly.

"If we have a chance," said the skipper, "we'll abandon ship. That's why I want the gun covered. So we'll have that chance."

Tommy McLean exclaimed, "Abandon ship? Without a fight, sir?"

The captain nodded and pushed his soup plate away.

"You've never seen a ship—*your* ship—go down after she's been torpedoed," he said grimly. "It's not pretty. You're pitching in an open boat. The ship is the only friendly thing in all the lonesome ocean. You know her so well you either hate or love her. You watch her list grow. She's like an old work horse keeling over to die in the middle of a half-plowed field, and you can't do anything to save her. You just have to watch her roll over and go—"

McLean, in the intolerant snap judgment of youth, thought Captain Andrews was afraid. *Afraid to fight!*

"You always remember things like that!" the old man said suddenly. "You see them and feel them, and always remember. I lost two ships in the last war. The Mary Stoddard had a deck gun, and a sub torpedoed us without warning. We weren't really worth a torpedo, but they saw that gun and couldn't take chances. The second was the old Cape City, and she was unarmed. That sub surfaced, and ordered us into the boats—"

Captain Andrews twisted the napkin, his knuckles standing out white and the veins in the back of his hand showing. "That time," he went on, "the sub put over a collapsible boat after we abandoned ship. They took food off the Cape City and put time bombs in her bilges. When the bottom blew out of her she went straight down to hell. You either hate a ship or you love her. I loved the old Cape City."

☆

ON the fourth day out, Tommy McLean grudgingly took five men to the fo'c'sle deck to cover the gun. The convoy was strung out over miles of ocean, and the day was gray and cold. Fog, lying like the chill breath of winter along the Grand Banks, drifted down the sea in patches, and that uneasiness still rode with the leaden swells and cried out in the Westbrook's creakings.

Tommy could count six vessels. A tanker was low in the water off the port bow; the others dimmed successively with the distance. The tanker, Mr. Danvers had told him, was filled with high octane gasoline for planes of the R. A. F. The escort ships—two Canadian destroyers and two corvettes—were not visible.

"We'll get in a little drill before we house the gun," McLean said. "Di Martini, you'll be the pointer. Bromley, you train."

"Here comes the Old Man, Mr. McLean!" Di Martini warned.

Tommy McLean had scarcely seen the skipper since that first evening. Captain Andrews had been keeping to his cabin, nursing his plants, calling on Chips, the carpenter, for this and

HOUSEWORK'S EASIER
WHEN YOU USE A
BRIGHTER
WESTINGHOUSE
MAZDA LAMP
MAZDA
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Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

that. He came up with his hands lost in the pockets of that shapeless old pea jacket.

"Mr. McLean," he growled, "belay this popgun practice! Get the gun covered, as I ordered! And when you've finished, take these men aft. Rig a life raft with boards lashed across those four empty oil drums."

"So we can abandon ship faster?" McLean asked scornfully.

"Exactly," said the captain. He looked searchingly at the younger man, started to speak, and then changed his mind. He went aft again.

☆

"GORBLIME, sir!" Bromley breathed. "Maybe the cap'n's a pro-Nazi!"

"Stow that!" Tommy said sharply, and felt a bit mixed up inside. Even if you despised the captain, you had to see that the crew showed the proper respect. It was discipline, and discipline is the law of the sea.

"You're in a spot, Mr. McLean," Di Martini said. "He'll have your ticket unless you obey. But if we're attacked, we could let *him* leave the ship. If he's so damned scared, he'll not wait to leave last. And *we'll* jump up here and man the gun, sir!"

Young Mr. McLean squared his shoulders. "Very well!" he said briskly. "And if that costs me my ticket, to hell with it!"

That evening Bromley and Di Martini brought their plates to the saloon to complain about the food. Mr. Danvers was in no mood for such trivialities. He remarked that the officers were eating the same meal.

"In the navy," Di Martini said, "you got a right to bellyache to the captain. There ain't enough fresh stuff. The Old Man brought all that grapefruit on board, didn't he? Who's it for?"

"Forget it!" Mr. Danvers flared. "It's his private property."

"One man can't eat all that," the dark, heavy-set seaman went on. "There's a scuttle-butt rumor going around—that he brought it for a submarine!"

Mr. Danvers shot an accusing glance at Johnson, but the steward was retreating hastily toward his galley. The first mate said, "Go on—get out! And don't bother the skipper. He's working. He's probably *growing* grapefruit for all of us by now!"

The grievance committee left, and a more important worry interposed itself into Mr. Danvers' mind. The Westbrook shuddered and lost way. Dodd came up to report that the engines had broken down.

Mr. Danvers' slight reserve of optimism collapsed, too. "Well, *you* tell the captain!" he roared. "I'm not going to interrupt his agricultural pursuits! So you either love a ship or you hate her, eh? I'll give you two guesses as to how I feel about this tub!"

He stamped up to the bridge. It was Tommy McLean's watch. The breakdown signal had been made, and a slender four-pipe destroyer dropped back to hover near by. The rest of the convoy faded in the twilight.

GINGIVITIS
OFTEN CREEPS UPON US WITHOUT WARNING!

IRRITATED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
TENDER GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Often leads to PYORRHEA with its soft shrinking gums

NO MATTER how *slightly* your gums may bleed when you brush your teeth, or feel tender to touch, don't take chances!

This may mean you, too, have Gingivitis. So see your dentist and start using Forhan's Toothpaste and massage *at once.* Because neglect of this mild gum inflammation often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. And at home here's—

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Clinical evidence showed 95% Gingivitis cases improved in 30 days, after dental care, by massaging their gums and brushing their teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

There is no better method than Forhan's for massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dingy teeth to their natural brightness. Forhan's even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder so many dentists have prescribed Forhan's Toothpaste for over 20 years!

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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

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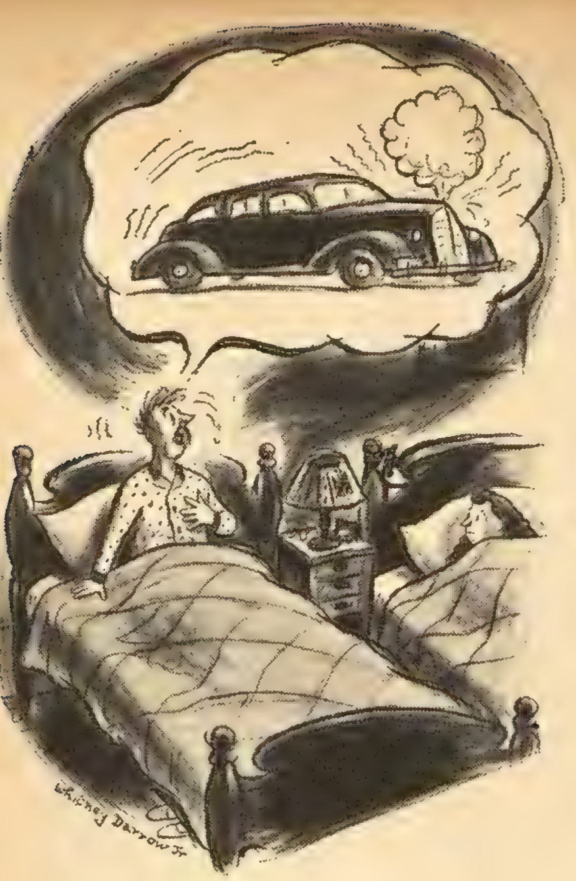

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This is no time to gamble with radiator trouble! Use Sani-Flush to clean out dangerous rust and sediment when you remove anti-freeze. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flushing with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. Use it yourself, or ask your service station. Tests have shown Sani-Flush harmless to engine or fittings, used according to directions on can. It's in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold in grocery, drug, hardware and 10c stores. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

Captain Andrews came into the wheelhouse.

"Well, Mr. Danvers," he said, "watch her heading. Nothing to do but wait. Mr. McLean, find the carpenter. I want a soldering iron and a couple of yards of small insulated wire."

Mr. Danvers made a sound in his throat. "Great heaven!" he moaned, after the captain had gone back to his cabin. "We break down in submarine waters, and all he thinks about is light for his tomato plants!"

"He's afraid!" declared Tommy McLean. "Afraid to fight!"

* * *

FULL darkness had scarcely come over the sea before Dodd had the ancient up-and-downers clanking once more, and the Westbrook began making five knots. At this gait the ship rolled clumsily, even in the long, low sea that came from the port quarter.

Captain Andrews appeared in the wheelhouse like a shapeless ghost. "I need some electrician's tape," he said. "What are we making?"

Mr. Danvers never answered. A lurid flash hit the bridge windows. There was no sound; there had been no warning. Just sudden brilliance, inescapable, almost unendurable after the darkness—almost like a slap across the open eyes.

Mr. Danvers and Tommy McLean collided as they sprang into the port wing. A pillar of flame climbed a mile high yonder where the convoy had gone. It mushroomed against the clouds, coloring them marvelously, and then fell away. The shock came, an atmospheric convulsion that rattled the windows, and the roar followed.

The sound loosened tongues. Somebody cried inanely, "Look! *Look!*" Mr. Danvers shouted, "The tanker's torpedoed!"

"Stop the engines," said Captain Andrews quietly. "Mr. Danvers, you'll take the bridge. I have work to do."

The first mate's face was white and strained in the dying glare. "Stop the engines? Captain, are you crazy? We'll never catch up with the convoy if we stop! And we'll be a plain target, with no way on!"

"Mr. Danvers," the Old Man began, then hesitated. More quietly, he added: "Subs listen for screwbeats. We won't make any. If we're to meet a sub, I want it to be daylight."

"But the convoy, captain—"

"The hell with the convoy, Mr. Danvers! McLean, are you going to get me that roll of tape?"

"Why—yes—yes, sir!" replied the startled Mr. McLean.

Yonder went the destroyer toward the trouble, leaving smoke that could be smelled but not seen. The warship vanished, and the bridge was a lonely place. Darkness lay everywhere except in that spot of bright tragedy. Muffled detonations rolled back through the night, but there were no enlivening flashes of light. Depth bombs, Mr. Danvers told himself, feeling his palms sweating despite the cold.

The hours were interminable. Tommy McLean couldn't sleep. He came back to the bridge. The old ship rolled idly, drifting with the wind.

"Well—" said Mr. Danvers, and let it go at that for a long while. Dodd appeared in the gloom, wiping his hands on a bundle of waste. The engines had been fully repaired; they could do eight knots again.

"I'm glad you're here, chief," Mr. Danvers began nervously. "You and McLean. We're going to have to do something. Any skipper who'd stop his ship—who'd spend a night like this puttering over his tomato plants—he's simply not in his right mind!"

"It's a deck problem!" Dodd said hastily. "It's got nothing to do with the black gang—"

"We've got a duty to perform, getting this ship across—getting the food over," Mr. Danvers said. "Why, you'd think the Old Man was *anxious* to provision a sub!"

The author, Lieutenant Allan Bosworth, U. S. N.

"He doesn't want to fight!" said McLean. "And we may have to!"

Dodd only shook his head. Mr. Danvers pondered a moment. When the owners heard how Captain Andrews had acted, they certainly wouldn't condemn him for taking over. More likely they'd give him a command of his own for acting with initiative.

"We'll wait till daylight," Mr. Danvers decided.

* * *

THE first illumination crept out of the east. Captain Andrews came to the bridge unshaven and showing other indications of a sleepless night, and called for full speed ahead. Then he ordered a course full fifteen degrees south of that the convoy had followed, and Mr. Danvers knew the time had come for action.

The big first mate advanced, hands out from his sides. "Captain Andrews," he said, "we don't want any trouble! But you—"

And then he was listening to a whistling, hurrying sound that ripped his words apart and drowned them—a sound that terminated in a sharp blast above the Westbrook's bow.

Fragments pounded the rusty deck and the peeling hull plates like riveting hammers set briefly into action, and after that came a short and breathless silence. Then the shouting and the excited drumming of feet on decks and ladders.

"Submarine! Submarine off the port bow!"

The cry stopped Mr. Danvers in his tracks and with his mouth open. He saw an unholy light leap into the captain's eyes as the Old Man sprang to the engine-room telegraph and yanked the handle to full stop.

"We'll abandon ship, Mr. Danvers!" the captain announced, and the first mate thought he detected triumph in the words. Looking forward, he saw half-dressed men tumbling out of the fo'c'sle, and McLean was jumping down the ladder from the bridge and going that way. The Westbrook shuddered as she lost way and began swinging broadside to the quartering sea. When her engines were stilled, another shell screamed across the bow and lifted a geyser out of the sea.

Mr. Danvers saw the red flash of the sub's deck gun, bright in the gray of dawn. He knew, with a feeling of utter futility, that there was little to do but carry out the order to abandon ship. Captain Andrews studied the black-hulled U-boat through binoculars.

"She's sea-scarred," he muttered. "A long time from her base, and maybe needing supplies."

Rage, bitter and futile, overwhelmed Mr. Danvers. "Damn you!" he choked. "If we live to make port, I'll tell the world how you lay to all night! How you *wanted* to provision a Nazi sub! You and your piddling, your potted plants and your precious grapefruit!"

☆ THE captain didn't answer. He clamped his teeth on the stubby pipe and he looked at his watch. Then he reached for the megaphone in the wheelhouse. Mr. Danvers looked forward again and out over the lightening sea. Tommy McLean and four or five men were heading for the fo'c'sle top. The dark water was turning gray. The submarine was no more than a thousand yards away and was coming warily closer. . . .

"All hands!" the captain bellowed, turning the megaphone aft. "All hands abandon ship!" He faced forward to repeat this order, and saw young Mr. McLean and the men at the lashings of the gun housing.

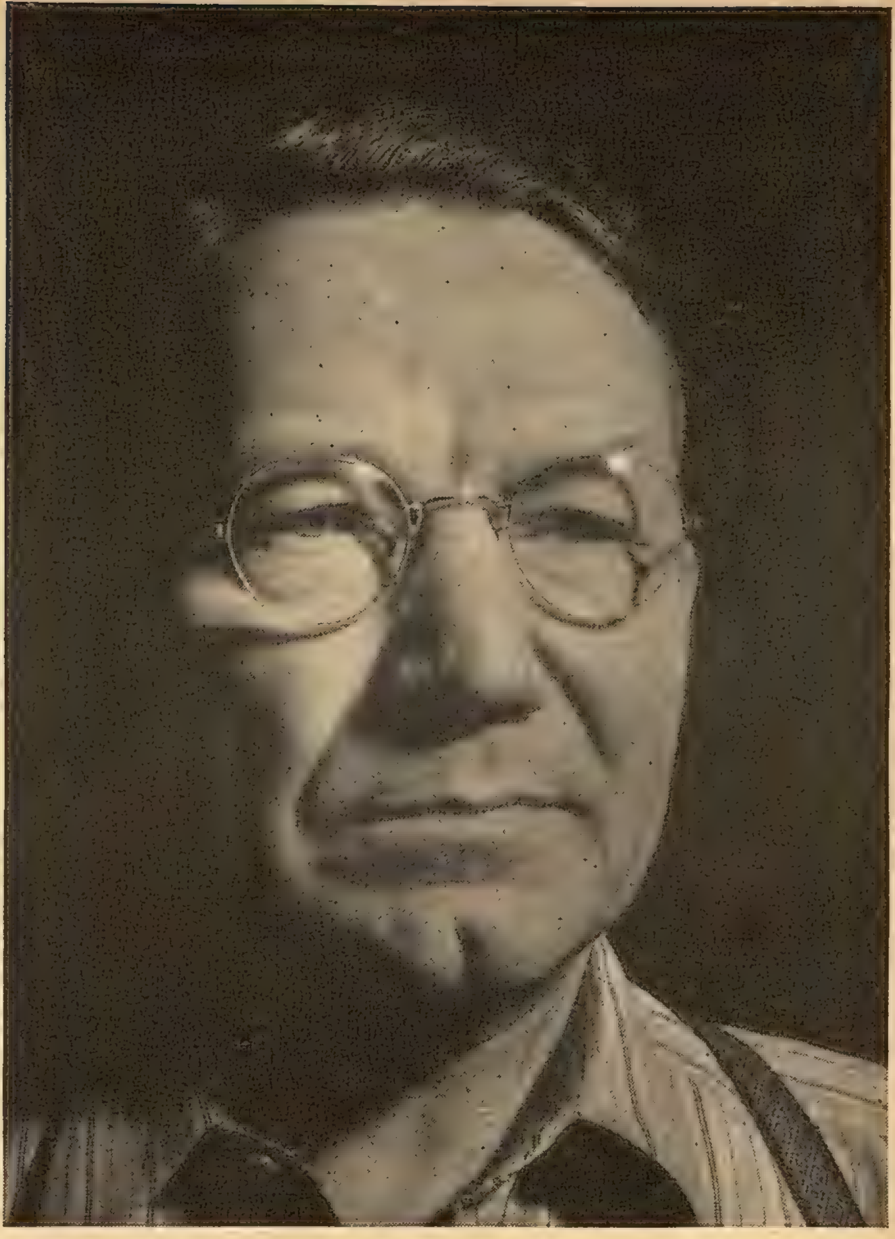
"McLean!" the skipper shouted. "Bring those men down from there!"

Tommy McLean showed no sign of having heard. He was bareheaded; the wind ruffled his red hair like a torch.

Captain Andrews ripped out an oath as he stamped down the bridge ladder. When he was nearly to the fo'c'sle, McLean turned a white face.

"Keep out of this!" he shouted. "Get back before they start machine-gunning us. *We're* going to fight!"

"Get away from that gun!" the captain said doggedly. He went up the fo'c'sle ladder, one hand in his pea-jacket pocket. Bromley moved out,



VETERAN

He is independent and proud, yet democratic and gregarious. He is the envy of the rest of the world, and its hope. He is generous and tolerant and peace-loving—and withal the most powerful man in the world. He is the American workman.

His hands, accustomed to the feel of wrench and lever and gauge, may never have held a gun; his mind, trained to think in terms of tolerances as fine as 1/10,000 of an inch, may never have wrestled with a problem of military strategy; and yet he is the veteran of a thousand campaigns.

His campaigns began in the laboratories, and his prowess was proved in the test pits of American industry. His battles were waged on the factory floor and in the field. His victories have helped to make the citizens of the United States the most fortunate people in the world, and the U.S. the greatest nation on earth.

In the plants of the General Electric Company, working with General Electric scientists and engineers, this man, the American workman, has made giant generators to light whole cities, X-ray tubes to penetrate the mysteries of human flesh and metal castings, radio and television apparatus to project man's voice and image through space over the mysterious waves of the ether.

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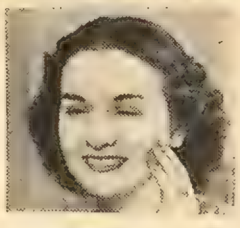

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snarling, to meet him. He had his clasp knife open; his eyes were narrow, and he crouched, walking like a cat.

Captain Andrews pulled a short bulldog revolver from his pocket. "Keep back!" he warned. "All of you—get to the boats! If any shot is fired, I'll fire it! Understand? I'm captain as long as she floats. Yes"—and his voice went high and hard—"and after that, by heaven, I'm captain of any boats that are left alive!"

It wasn't the revolver, Tommy McLean was to think later when there was time for thinking. It wasn't nearly so much the revolver as it was what the Old Man said. Because what he said is as old as the sea itself: the captain is always the captain, and you can't go against him. . . .

"All right, men," McLean said quietly. "Get to the boats."

The hail came from the sub in precise English. "Do not use your radio, or we will open fire. Abandon ship at once! What is your cargo?"

"Foodstuffs!" Captain Andrews megaphoned. "Foodstuffs and fruit!"

"And come help yourselves!" McLean added bitterly. "I hope you're satisfied, Captain Andrews!"

The Old Man smiled strangely. "Not yet," he said. "But maybe—" He started aft with them. "You'll take charge of the port boat, McLean. Bring it around to the lee under the starboard. I've got to get my papers. Don't wait too long for me, McLean. . . ."

☆ THE submarine cruised around to starboard, too, and the two lifeboats hugged the ship's side.

Mr. Danvers pulled his sou'wester over his big shoulders. "Ought not to wait for the old fool!" he swore crossly. "This is his doing. There's the raft, and we ought to let him take his chances!"

He looked up at the ship. *You either love or hate her.* Mr. Danvers thought he hated every square inch of her rusty skin, but he felt a curious tightening of his throat. The old ship was the only friendly thing in all the lonesome sea, and they were leaving her. There were men on the sub's whaleback, inflating a collapsible boat. And there was a machine gun trained on the Westbrook's crew.

The sub's commander was lifting his megaphone when Captain Andrews finally appeared. The skipper descended deliberately, counting noses in the two boats. Thirty-three men, and none of them would look at him. He settled himself in Mr. Danvers' boat and looked wistfully up at the ship.

"Shove off," he said in a tight voice. "This is the second time I've left this old girl . . ."

The oars dipped. The boats came out of the lee, and wind and wave struck them. Nobody spoke. Captain Andrews looked at his watch and sighed; his square face was bleak, old.

"Steer north-northwest and keep together," he said.

The collapsible boat left the submarine's rounded side. "Can't carry much in a craft like that," said Captain Andrews. "Maybe, though, they'll take the grapefruit. It ought to be a delicacy after weeks in a submarine." He tamped tobacco into his pipe. "Next time," he said, "I want a fast ship. Eighteen knots. And I'll go it alone."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, pipe down!" blazed Mr. Danvers. "There won't be a next time for you! You'll be beached. You'll be in jail!"

The captain ignored him. "I don't like convoys," he said. "If I had an eighteen-knot ship, I'd change course at dawn and sunset. Throw them off the track. They make their time at night, on the surface. And I'd just run away from them."

"You're crazy!" Mr. Danvers accused. "And you're a traitor!"

☆ CAPTAIN ANDREWS didn't answer. He sat on the edge of the thwart, shapeless in the old pea jacket, looking at his watch with every slow minute, looking back at the ship. The sub was an ominous black line in the gray sea. The collapsible boat came out of the Westbrook's lee and headed back toward the raider, boxes stacked in it. The men in the lifeboats saw German sailors passing those boxes down the conning-tower hatch. Food for Britain, gone astray!

More minutes crawled. Mr. Danvers raised his glass and saw things being handed carefully from the submarine to the collapsible boat's crew; he knew these were the bombs to blow the bottom out of the old Westbrook. And then Captain Andrews got suddenly to his feet.

"It's time!" he said. "Rest on your oars! Watch that U-boat!"

They watched. Something like triumph in the old man's voice compelled them to do that. But there was nothing to see; there was nothing but the fog patches drifting down the wind, and the old ship wallowing yonder, and the submarine lying ominous and black.

"He's blowed his top!" Bromley scoffed. "He's gone barmy!"

Brightness flashed from the conning-tower hatch. It came in a quick, thundering violence that ripped the upper works of the raider like so much tin. The smoke shot out of her and was whipped along the sea by the wind. Shattered fragments of things rocketed skyward and fell into the disturbed sea. Another explosion came outboard, where flames were spreading over the collapsible boat, and the whole length of the sub was blotted out by black oil-fed smoke.

Behind that swirling curtain they heard a third blast, water muffled. The atmospheric shock reached them, nearly pulling Captain Andrews off his feet. He was shaking his fist and shouting between the explosions; he was lifting the anger and hate of twenty-three years against the sounds.

"That'll pay you back! That makes us halfway even—damn your filthy souls! Twenty-three years it took me, but that'll pay you back for the Mary Stoddard!"

The sea was silent. Captain Andrews sat down as if ashamed of his outburst. McLean stared across at Mr. Danvers, and the first mate stared back, looking as if he had just tasted crow.

"Pull for the ship, men," the captain said. "We'll have to make sure they didn't plant any bombs that first trip."

"Well—" said Mr. Danvers. "I give up, sir. You did it. But how?"

"Why, with the grapefruit, of course. There was just one layer of real fruit in the crates. The rest was made of wax and crammed with TNT. A simple enough booby trap, Mr. Danvers—a little wiring and concealed dry-cell batteries and small time clocks. I set them when I went back to the cabin. I figured the time just about right."

"So that's what you've been doing these past few days!" Mr. Danvers said weakly. "And the potted plants were just a stall."

"Few days?" snorted the Old Man. "Twenty-three years I've carried that idea. I've had that long to remember how the Mary Stoddard looked when she rolled her stack under, and how the dirty pirates looted the Cape City—and took a case of grapefruit the first thing!"

Mr. Danvers looked up at the Westbrook. She was squat and old, and her paint was scabrous. But all ships can't be big and graceful and filled with power. If they are, they're worth a torpedo.

"Well, she's not such a bad old tub, after all, captain!" Mr. Danvers said cheerily. "I hope the engines don't break down again. Why, we might even catch the convoy, if we can do eight knots!"

Captain Andrews cleared his throat. "Don't be so damned optimistic, Danvers!" he growled. "Of course she'll break down again! That's why I did something else before I left her. I hid two cases of that grapefruit, so we can take care of another submarine!"

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE MOON IS DOWN, by John Steinbeck.

Steinbeck, whose achievements already list Grapes of Wrath, Of Mice and Men, Tortilla Flat, and the incomparable Red Pony, has delivered again. A little longer, without an unnecessary word, his story has the dramatic punch experienced in the Of Mice and Men fireball. This, however, carries a message.

The village occupied by a detachment of soldiers isn't named, but it might be in Norway. The shooting was all over. Indeed, the village had seen little. The Major was billeted in the home of Mayor Orden and it was desired that local affairs be conducted along usual channels. But of course within certain bounds.

Every news reader knows the situation is common all over Europe. Steinbeck's drama shows him in terms of human behavior why it can never remain static among people with a tradition of freedom. And how he shows! Better read this. Everybody else will. And they'll remember it! (The Viking Press.)

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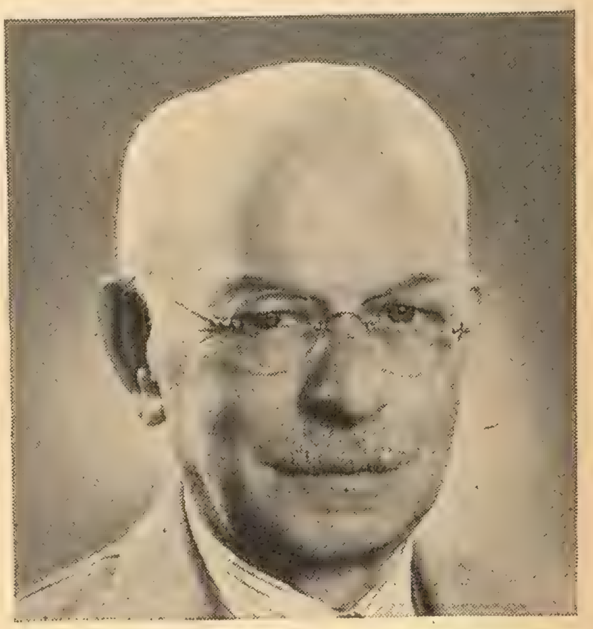

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES—

Continued from Page 26

of the park, hopped into a cab, and, when I reached the house, hopped out. As I did so, my left knee popped like a pistol."

That popping was heard in the front office of every club in the majors. There was an immediate loss of interest in DiMaggio on the part of every one save Barrow, who saw that when he returned to the line-up he was as sound as ever. One day Barrow called Graham.

"How much do you want for DiMaggio?" he asked.

"Forty thousand dollars."

"Will you take twenty?"

They went on from there. When Barrow hung up, he had got the player for $25,000. It was the greatest single buy the Yankees ever made.

The old heroes were passing, Lazzeri among them. New ones arrived: DiMaggio, Joe Gordon, Tommy Henrich, Charlie Keller. The Yankees, who had beaten the Giants in the World Series in 1936 and 1937, beat the Cubs in 1938 and the Reds in 1939. They were acclaimed as greater than even the Yankees of 1927. Yet on the night of the final day of the 1939 Series, McCarthy sat with some of his players on the train and talked to them of the mistakes they had made during the season—of games lost that should have been won. And there they sat, listening attentively: Dickey, Gordon, Rolfe, Hadley, Dahlgren, and Knickerbocker.

In the old days the Yankees, riding a victory train, had torn the shirts off one another's backs, and once the Babe had torn Ruppert's shirt off, and the startled Colonel had asked, "Is this usual, Ruth?" But on this journey back from Cincinnati, when some of the younger players marched, yelling and singing, up and down the aisle of the car outside McCarthy's room, his frowning face appeared in the doorway and he said, "What are you? A lot of college players? I thought I was managing a big-league team."

That ended such parading.

Tragedy struck at the Yankees twice in 1939—in January when Ruppert died, and in May when Gehrig, having taken himself out of the line-up after playing in 2,130 consecutive games, was found to be suffering from a rare and incurable disease.

Ruppert died on January 13. He never had married. Publication of his will disclosed that he had bequeathed his baseball properties to three women: two nieces, Mrs. Joseph Holleran and Mrs. J. Basil Maguire, and a friend, Miss Helen Winthrope Weyant. The trustees named in the will were Barrow, George E. Ruppert, the Colonel's brother; Byron Clark, his attorney; and H. Garrison Silleck, Jr., a nephew. Before long, Barrow was elected to the presidency of the club.

The news of Gehrig's illness shocked the nation. His last game was played at the Stadium on April 30. His last play was a put-out on a ball hit to Johnny Murphy, who was pitching. Gehrig started for the ball, then saw that Murphy was going to field it and turned back to cover first base, getting there just in time to take the throw. It was the last put-out of the game, and as the players ran from the field Murphy said to him:

"Nice play, Lou!"

It should have been an easy play. It was made to appear difficult only because it was hard for Lou to stop, turn, and get back to the bag.

"I knew I was through when Johnny said that to me," Lou told McCarthy the day he benched himself. "When the boys were feeling sorry for me, I knew it was time to quit."

That was in Detroit on May 2. The next day, for the first time since June 1, 1925, Gehrig's name did not appear in the box score. His successor was Babe Dahlgren. Few suspected there was anything seriously wrong with him, none that his condition approached the gravity revealed in the report from the Mayo Brothers' clinic. He died on June 2, 1941, his great frame wasted by the disease against which he had waged a silent, courageous struggle for two years.

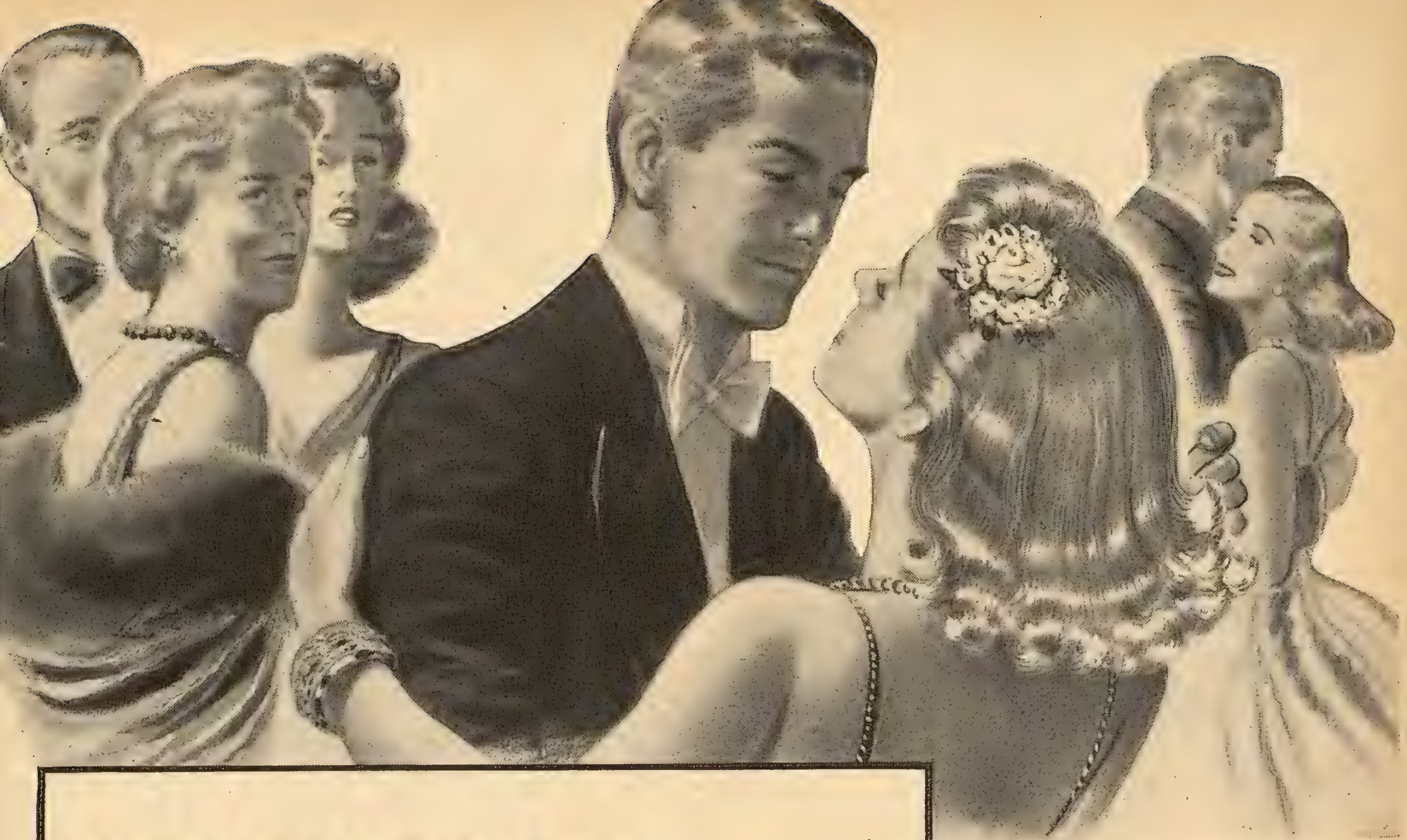
In 1940 the Yankees finished third, yet McCarthy's skill in keeping them in the race right down to the last week of the season won high praise, for usually when a great team cracks it cracks all over.

In the spring of 1941, with the Indians heavily favored to win, McCarthy sold Dahlgren to the Braves, supplanted Gordon and Crosetti with Priddy and Rizzuto, up from the Kansas City farm, and posted Gordon at first base. That didn't work, so he benched Priddy, restored Gordon to second base, put Johnny Sturm on first, shook up the pitching staff—and drove the team, fired by DiMaggio's fifty-six-games hitting streak, to the pennant and a triumph over the Dodgers in the World Series.

And so, as the 1942 season comes on, the Yankees stand before us. They aren't the colorful, swashbuckling crew that the Yankees of 1927 were, but they are an amazingly efficient machine. In 1941 only three men hit over .300, and Ruffing and Gomez, the leading pitchers, won only fifteen games each, yet the team made a joke of the pennant race.

Barrow sits at his desk on Forty-second Street, directing his network of scouts headed by Paul Krichell. George Weiss has charge of the farm system that, beginning with Newark and Kansas City in Class AA leagues, ranges down through Norfolk, Binghamton, and Akron to the sticks. McCarthy, recognized as one of the great managers of all time, has absolute command of the players. The Stadium itself towers as a monument to the dream that Ruppert had back in 1915, and to Huggins and Gehrig, who helped to make it come true.

THE END



She saw Rodney waltzing with a fragile-looking thing who wore a very bouffant picture dress.

FROM THIS DAY Forward

"My grandmother was a pirate," she said. There was a double dare in the lady's gaze

BY ELSWYTH THANE

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ ELIZABETH DARE, beautiful singer and dancer in musical shows, marries Rodney Monroe, young ornithologist, and goes with him on a field trip to Central America. He narrowly escapes death during an earthquake and Liz, after tramping through the rain to get help, comes down with malarial fever. As soon as both are well enough, they go home, but their happiness seems to have fled. Rodney is discontented because he had failed to bring back his bird specimens which were the object of his expedition, and Liz is sure he blames her for it. She tells his friend Charles that she is going to leave her husband for his own good. Charles persuades her to influence Rodney to take charge of the Biological Station in Maine during the summer. Maine is where Elizabeth's and Rodney's romance started, and Charles is sure things will come right there.

PART SEVEN—A HUNTRESS SIGHTS HER MAN

☆ "WAKE up," Rodney was saying softly. "It's our anniversary."

Elizabeth woke up, reluctantly, as always, and lay a moment with her eyes still closed, assembling herself. A year ago today she had roused to find the room full of a mysterious rosy glow which was the dawn, and had knelt on the window seat to watch the sun come up out of the sea. A year ago today she had gone for a walk before breakfast and had met Rodney.

Now, when she opened her eyes, the room would be exactly the same—the comfortable heavy unmodern furniture, the faded summer chintzes, the great four-poster bed with a ruffled canopy, her dressing gown over a chair, Snorky snoozing in his basket in the corner, dawn coming up outside—but now Rodney was raised on one elbow beside her saying, "Will you wake up? Or must I kiss you?"

She smiled, with her eyes still shut, and he did.

"Ooh!" she said then, not too distressfully. "Go and shave!"

"You didn't say *that* a year ago today!" he remarked, and his weight left the bed. "I'll be back," he warned her, and the bathroom door closed behind him.

She burrowed deeper into the pillow, luxuriously, and lay still, warm and drowsy with contentment. She and Charles had won. Rodney was himself again. Droll, ardent, busy, and gay again—not even limping any more. Each morning he drove over to the Station, each noon and each evening he drove back to the Old Baxter Place, which he now called home. . . .

In the bathroom the shower had stopped. The seaward windows were brightening and she left the bed and went to sit on the window seat, hugging her knees, while the light turned golden. Pretty soon Rodney came in, still wearing the white bathrobe, and claimed the kiss which was his morn-

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ing reward for a smooth chin, and found her half of it a trifle absent-minded.

"Woolgathering, eh," he remarked, sitting down on the window seat facing her. "Any luck?"

"Well, I was just thinking—"

"Wait! Let me guess! You were thinking that if you had it all to do again, starting with a year ago this morning, you'd turn over and go back to sleep—but *quick!*"

"If I'd done that, you wouldn't be here now."

"That's the idea, yes."

Her eyes came back from the window to rest on him impersonally. He looked so fresh and rested in the mornings. His hair, still damp from the shower, had been brushed within an inch of its life.

"Trying to think where you've seen me before?" he suggested gently. "I was here last night—remember?"

"How come I married such a *handsome* man?" she murmured.

It was a line he couldn't take, and she knew it. He rose and brought her dressing gown and slippers and put her into them, lest she catch cold. Then he sat down again beside her, where she could lean against him, a shielding arm between her and the sill.

"Well, there it is," he said. "Our whole new world, that we got in the blink of an eye. Looks nice and big, doesn't it?"

She nestled back into his arms.

☆

"NOW, according to the script," he remarked, a few minutes later, "you go and wash your face and get dressed in a brown suit, and we drink orange juice in the kitchen, and then we take the shore path and you sit down on a log to admire the view—and that's where I come in, flat on my face. Can we skip the fall? I'm out of practice."

"And then you carry me back across the ford—"

"And we have waffles for breakfast."

She twisted in his arms to look up at him.

"Isn't this better than the Casa Paraiso?"

"Lotus-eating," he sighed against her hair. "The Song of the Sirens. *Dolce far niente.*"

"But, Rodney—"

"I started something I didn't finish at the Casa Paraiso. That rankles."

"You started something else up here that you haven't finished yet. You started a marriage."

"That's my life," he said simply. "Casa Paraiso was just a job. Got to do my jobs, sooner or later."

And so it was still there, after all, she thought, leaning against him. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand—something he hadn't finished. She had a little lost sight of it as the placid summer days slipped by and Rodney went on being so entirely himself, his charming, funny, considerate self, with so many odd things going on behind that poker face of his. She knew that he had committed himself to teach during the fall term anyway—but how about the spring? How about next summer, when the fledglings hatched again?

Once she had wrought herself up nobly to set him free, but she saw now that she didn't have to leave him to do that. Rodney, like his friend Epictetus, would never be anything but free—he lived as he chose. And because it is always humiliating to see what was intended as a generous gesture look ridiculous, even to oneself, and because humiliation breeds anger, and mostly because she was, after all, Liz Dare, Rodney's innocent imperviousness to the deep, fundamental change in herself became a sort of insult.

The long summer days which had knit them closer than ever before in an orderly domestic pattern, in what to her was delicious habit and security in an uncertain world, had not affected his mental routine in the least. To him it was still interlude (*dolce far niente!*) while it had become the whole fabric of her life as she wanted to live it. He confidently expected to have both her and his freedom too. She mattered as little as that.

"I had a job myself," she said, her eyes on the horizon. "I gave it up when I married you."

"I never said you had to."

"I wanted to. I wanted to be with you. But you couldn't do the same for me."

"Now, Liz, you knew perfectly well when you married me—"

"Oh, Rodney, please don't start all over again. I can't bear it! I won't go back there—not in a thousand years!"

"You won't have to," he said equably. "I never expected you to go in the first place. We'll start all over again with the original arrangement."

"Which was what?" she said against his sleeve.

"Why, I just go and do my jobs when I have to, and—you're here when I get back."

"Am I?"

"Now, Liz—" It had a warning note.

"We aren't at the beginning any more. At least I'm not. I've come a long way. I've found out a lot of things about myself in the past year. I've found out I like being married to you—"

"Surprise!" he crowed softly.

☆

"WELL, it is, in a way, when I've spent my life in the theater and was always miserable when I wasn't working! I never meant to retire. The theater is all I ever expected to care about. And now I find that because I'm married to you I don't even miss the theater—"

"Oh, Liz, I'm so glad. I've been afraid—"

"*You're* glad!" she cried, and left the window seat and began a restless pacing in the room, while he watched her from where he sat, puzzled but not yet seriously alarmed. "Sure, that's fine! You lay your hand on me and I come up by the roots, like a radish! That makes you feel swell. But what about me? It's a little bit drafty where I am!"

"Well, but, Liz, I don't see—"

"You don't see what I'm kicking about, do you? I won't starve if I never work again, I'm still young and healthy, I caught the boat, I can put *Mrs.* in front of your name! Sure, I wear a ring on the third finger of my left hand! You put it there, and you said beautiful words to me in front of a clergyman and your Aunt Virginia! *To have and to hold,* you said, *from this day forward—till death us do part!* Do you still subscribe to that?"

"I do," he said solemnly. "But—"

"But those words don't mean the same thing to you that they do to me, is that it? You think they leave you the right to risk your neck any way you see fit any time you please, without any regard to what becomes of my life if you happen to get killed!"

☆

"AT least they don't mean I have to stay tied to your apron strings till I die of senile decay!" he objected mildly.

"I can't face it again, Rodney—what I went through thinking you might be dead. I *won't* face it again!"

"Now, look, Liz. I'm the last person to belittle what you did for me. But you must realize that both times my life was in any danger on this trip it was owing to very exceptional circumstances. If I go down again after the eagles and mind my own business and don't get involved in any side shows—"

"Then you *do* feel it was my fault that you failed!"

"Liz, *will* you be reasonable—"

He rose and went toward her, and she faced him defiantly in the middle of the room, her chin up.

"So you mean to go back and finish that job," she said.

"I certainly do, but—"

"You think Andrew will give you the money, don't you! Well, he won't! I'll see to that!"

"Liz, that's pretty low. I—"

"Sure it's low. I don't have to fight fair; I'm only a woman! Just a wife, supposed to sit down and wait till my lord and master comes home from the wars!" she swept on. "Well, you aren't going to any more wars, Rodney, not these private ones you cook up for your own amusement, not if I can stop you, and believe me, I'm going to try!"

"Honey, you're making entirely too much of this thing," Rodney said sanely. "I know you had a bad scare, but there's a thing called the law of averages. I never ran into trouble like that on a trip before, and I probably never will again. It just happened that way. Next time I'll stick to the old routine, and I'll be back with the birds almost before you know I've gone—"

"All right, *go!*" she cried, suddenly beside herself. "Go where you please, as soon as you please, and never mind about me. I'm only the one that loves you! The world is full of fear and disaster and the peril of war—more

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men die every day and more women are left weeping! You and I live in a country where it is still possible to be safe and happy and *together*, but for how long? And yet you've got to gamble with whatever time there is left to us, because you want to prove to yourself that you can't fail! All right, *go*, but don't be surprised if things are different here when you get back!" She ran from him, into the bathroom, and shut the door.

"Liz," he said softly against the panels. "Liz, my darling—"

There was no answer but her sobbing.

Very thoughtfully he dressed and ate breakfast alone in the dining room, and drove to the Station.

After a rather morose morning's work among the students, he drove home for lunch, prepared for almost anything but a table set for one and an envelope in the middle of his plate.

Dear Rodney [she had written]

This is the note on the pincushion. I am catching the 10.15. Pete is doing a new show with a South American setting, and has been nagging me for weeks to go into it. I have just rung him up and said I would. It is just the thing for those new routines I learned from Vicente. We will start rehearsing right away, I expect.

Liz.

☆

THAT was all. He stared at it numbly, while something thumped inside his head, preventing him from understanding what she meant. She didn't say what she meant. She was just gone.

When he could see and breathe again, he found his way to the telephone and asked Charles to come over from the Station for lunch.

Charles saw at once that something serious had happened.

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly.

"Liz. She's left me."

Charles gave a thin wordless whistle between his front teeth and sat down heavily.

"Pete is starting a new show," Rodney went on, "about South America. She is going to do Vicente's routines in it."

"But she didn't want to go back to the stage!"

"I know, but—well, things sort of got out of hand here this morning. Something came up about those damned eagles, and the first thing I knew there was a row on. She thought I said it was her fault I didn't get them, or something, and she's got that fool idea I'll get killed the minute I'm out of her sight. Well, anyway, I wouldn't swear to spend the rest of my life between Maine, New York, and the university, and this is the result. The question is, What do I do now?"

"You go after her," said Charles, "buckety-buckety, by the first train!"

"Is that the formula?"

"If there is a formula."

But she had a long start. The 10.15 was the one train all day which made good connections, and it would get her to New York in time for dinner. It was too late now to catch the local at 2.07. The only thing available to Rodney was the milk train, and so it would be lunchtime the following day before he could arrive at the apartment.

That evening, unable to bear inaction any longer, he rang the New York number and got Aunt Virginia.

"Where's Liz?" he asked at once.

"Out," said Aunt Virginia, "on the town. Why aren't you on your way here?"

"I am. I mean, I can't start till the train goes. Is she still sore?"

"Whatever did you *do*, Rodney?"

"I wish somebody would tell me!" he said. "It all just blew up out of nowhere. I'll be there about noon tomorrow. You hang on to things till I come."

"How can I do that? She's got into her best gown and gone to dinner with one Stanley."

"Oh-oh. That's the works."

"I thought it was, when I saw him!"

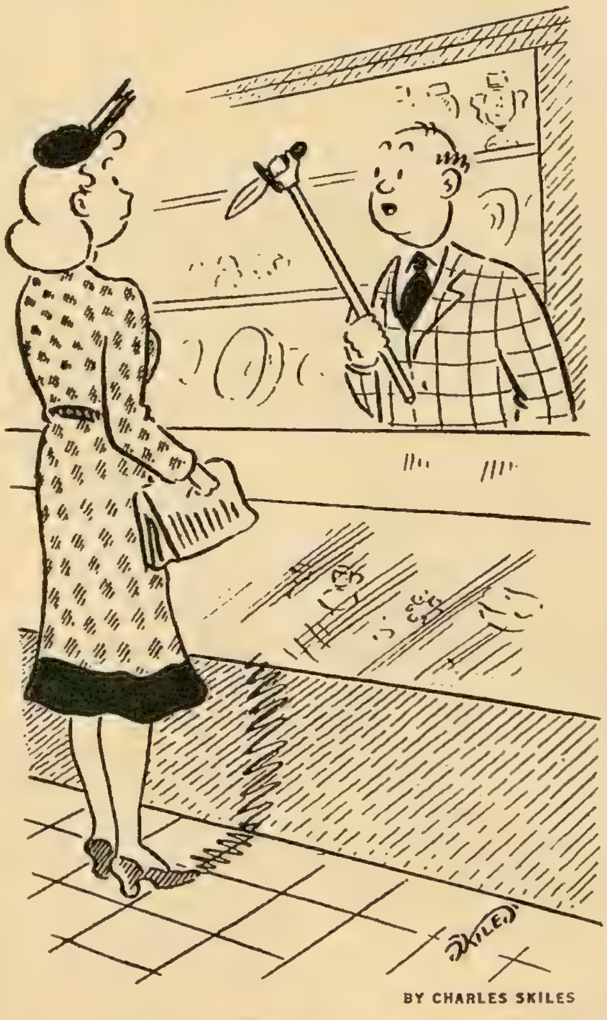
"Well, at least she won't be conscious tomorrow much before I arrive. Don't tell her I'm on the way. I want a chance to talk to her before she can walk out on me again!"

But Elizabeth came in entirely sober about midnight, rose by the alarm clock, and with her chin very high went off to an eleven-o'clock appointment. When she came home in the middle of the afternoon, Aunt Virginia was nowhere to be seen, and Rodney rose lengthily from the davenport and stood looking at her across the living room.

"Hullo," he said, almost as though he had been around for weeks.

"Rodney!" She threw herself at him with the strangling hug which always softened his bones.

"Glad to see me," he noted with satisfaction. "Imagine that!" And he sat down in the nearest chair with her on his lap.



BY CHARLES SKILES

"It's a Japanese back scratcher."

"Oh, Rodney, I never dreamed you'd come after me!"

"Well—you forgot to kiss me goodby, and—"

Elizabeth sat up and with one gloved hand along his cheek looked him straight in the eye.

"Rodney, tell me truthfully. Did you really come all this way to New York j-just because of me?"

"Well, great Scott, Liz, why else would I come? You see, I'd never been deserted before, and I figured I'd better do something about it, because— What's the matter now?"

She sat there on his knees, wilting in every line.

"I—I'm afraid I've done the wrong thing," she confessed in a very small voice.

"I wouldn't be surprised. But if you have asked Blaine to start divorce proceedings, you can march straight to the phone now and tell him that's all off."

"It's worse than that, Rodney. When I got to Pete's office this morning he had a run-of-the-play contract waiting for me, and—I signed it."

"Well, I'm sorry, but that's off too. You'd better let him know right away."

"I c-can't do that, Rodney, I—"

She rose from his lap and pulled off her hat and gloves and threw them with a gesture of despair at the davenport.

"If only I'd known you were coming!"

"What difference would that have made?"

"I don't know." She stood looking at him with wide puzzled eyes. "Maybe none. But it's very *flattering* to have you leave your work and come chasing down here after me at the drop of a hat—"

"Now, look, Liz." He rose and stood over her. "You knew perfectly well I'd have to come after you—"

"I *didn't!*" she cried indignantly. "That makes it sound as though I only came to make you follow me!"

"Instead of which, you really meant to leave me," he said slowly, as it came home to him. "Why? What have I done, Liz? It couldn't be just because of that silly row yesterday morning!"

☆

"THAT wasn't a silly row. It showed me exactly where I stand with you—which is a poor second to a harpy eagle!"

He took her by the elbows and shook her gently.

"Liz, I've told you before, you're making too much of a thing about a few pinfeathers! In any case, I'm not starting out tomorrow! I've promised to teach this year, and I couldn't get out of that if I wanted to. Now, the sooner you ring up Pete and tell him—"

"Tell him what? That I've changed my mind once more? Don't forget, I stood him up last year on account of you! That's why he had my contract ready this morning, and that's why I signed it without waiting for Andrew's O. K. To show Pete I meant business—I thought!"

"You mean he wouldn't let you off now? You'll have to go on with the show?"

"I just can't ask him to let me off now, that's all. Pete dropped another girl like a hot potato when they'd practically settled with her, lined up a lot of story space about my comeback, stirred up a lot more backing on the strength of it—remember Liz Dare? She stood 'em up at the back!—and before the ink was dry on my signature he shot the works. See all the evening papers!"

"But that means the whole winter goes by with you living here and me up at the university!"

"You see!" she pointed out resentfully. "It's different when I'm the one to step out of line and there aren't any birds involved!"

"It's very different," he agreed promptly, "for the simple reason that because of a problematical two months or so on a trip which I refuse to throw out of the window, you rob us of a whole year at home!"

"We'll have the week-ends, Rodney," she said, a minute later.

"That will be just dandy. From early Sunday morning till Monday afternoon, and I have classes all day Monday. That's fine." He walked away to the window. "It wouldn't be so bad if you had really wanted to go back to the theater. I could have understood that and resigned myself to it. But no—this is just a piece of fantastic wrongheadedness that need never have happened to us!"

"If ever you feel like forgiving me—let me know!"

"We seem to be right back where we started from." He stood at the window, staring out across the park in the summer sunlight. "It was sure nice while it lasted!"

There was a long silence in the room. Then she said:

"D-does that mean you want me to get the divorce after all?"

He whirled on her.

"Now, Liz—look—I never said a word about divorce, so help me! You can't hang that on me!" He went to the davenport and sat down beside her and took her into his arms. "Honey, you are probably the darnedest woman ever made—but I can't get along without you. That's what I'm squawking about. You know that, don't you?"

She stared at him unbelievingly.

"You—you aren't going to be sore at me?" she quavered.

"Sure I'm sore at you! I could wring your neck with pleasure." His long fingers closed round her throat. His slow smiling gaze went from her eyes to her lips. "Some day probably I *will* wring your neck. Kiss me."

☆ PAN AMERICANA opened in Baltimore on the Monday before Thanksgiving Day, and went from there to Pittsburgh and Philadelphia—three weeks when Liz never saw Rodney at all, during which time Aunt Virginia found life just a wee mite trying. The dreaded dull patch had overtaken them again. Rodney was bored.

Full of forebodings not confined to the hazards of a Broadway first night, Aunt Virginia accompanied him and Charles to New York for the opening. The ovation which greeted Liz Dare's first entrance brought tears of pride to their eyes. She looked so small under the pitiless applause—so very small and shining and precious—so much their own Liz, with her funny pointed smile and that white brow like a child's—

Rodney suffered agonies through her solos—they had keyed No Hay—! too high for her—they still had the fourth bar wrong, too—they had mucked up the end of Paquita—they lost the whole point of the camellia song, how come she'd let them do that? Willie, the lyric writer, must be a half-wit—leading man too fast with his rumba—drag it, man, *drag*—oh, Liz, my darling, there never was anything so beautiful as you are—orchestra too loud, much too loud—slower, in the name of—she's getting her second wind now, not so scared any more—right in there pitching, aren't you, Liz?—look at the way she puts those feet down—don't rush it, Liz, take your time—that's the girl—she's lovelier than she's ever been before—the critics will say so, you wait—that's swell—that chorus work

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❷ **"WITHOUT WARNING,** the lights went out! It was six miles to the bottom of the canyon . . . my left wheels were skirting a precipice . . . and those tons in back of me were shoving—and I mean *shoving*. It would have been suicide to use my brakes.

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is swell—she's never had a better show, I'll say that for it—it's not just because she's mine now. . . .

There was no doubt at the first-act interval that the show was a hit. Rodney and Charles and Aunt Virginia joined Andrew and Minnie in the lobby. Everybody was there, and a critic was even seen to smile. Liz was safe. Liz had a triumph.

After the final curtain call, the three of them waited in a corner of the dressing room while Elizabeth worked her charming way through the mob of people who came behind to tell her they knew she'd be back, and better than ever—it will run a year, people said, over and over again, until the words wore a sore spot in Rodney's mind—*it will run a year*. And then, when the last well-wisher had gone, Elizabeth put on a fresh make-up and got into a new evening dress and was ready for the party.

The party was at Stanley's penthouse on Park Avenue. It was a large party—all the principals and about six rows of the orchestra. There was a five-piece dance band and a small dance floor, and a large buffet, and practically all the good champagne left in the world. Things had got well under way when they arrived.

Everybody was crazy about the music in the show. Everybody was trying to remember how No Hay—! went. Finally somebody suggested that if Liz would only sing it once through to the band they could pick it up.

"I'll get Rodney to play it for us," she said. "Rodney—where are you?—borrow the man's accordion and play No Hay—!"

"Well—" said Rodney, with a rather hunted glance around the crowded room.

"Come on, Rodney."

Rodney set down his glass, excused himself to the blonde beside him, and crossed the floor toward the band, looking magnificent in white tie and tails. The accordionist surrendered his instrument with a grin, Rodney ducked under the strap and settled himself without any visible embarrassment in a gilt chair.

☆

HE ran his fingers over the keyboard, caught Elizabeth's eye, and played the fourth bar at her accusingly.

"Now, don't tell me we've still got that wrong!" she said, and went to him.

"Unless you like it better your way," he nodded.

"Well, I'll be darned! Show me again. Jake, listen to this!"

Jake joined them, while Rodney showed her again. Then he played the opening measures and waited for her to begin.

"You've got it in G," she said, and waited for him to change key.

"M'm-hm. Try it."

She sang it in G. And while the applause was still dying down—

"It's better in G," she said. "Where's Jake? Jake, I want No Hay—! in G, do you hear?"

"I heard," replied Jake meekly.

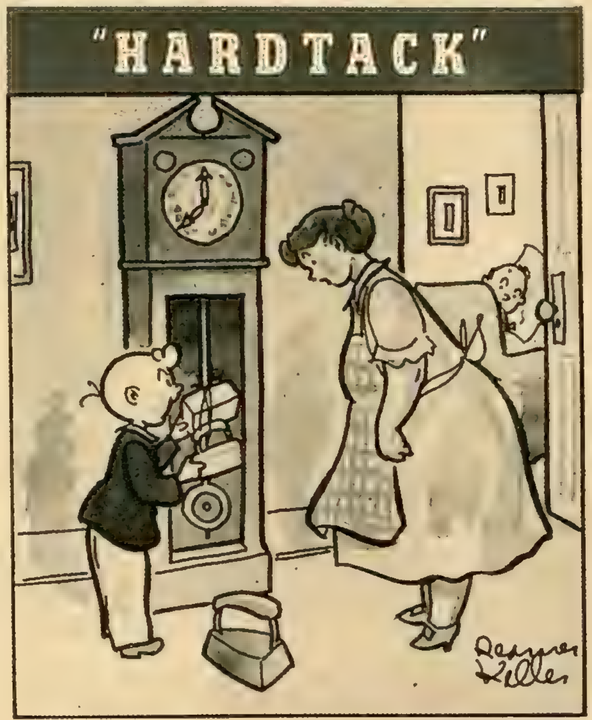
"You had it too high for her," said Rodney, and grinned. "I never thought she'd make it!"

Every one who heard him, including Jake, waited dazedly for red flames from hell to consume the man who had uttered such heresy, but Liz only went on smiling, and Jake tottered away for another drink. You had to be married to her to talk like that, but boy, oh boy, it was something to hear!

While they were doing Paquita together, a hand stole under Stanley's elbow where he stood at the opposite edge of the room, and a soft voice said in his ear:

"Somebody's been holding out on me. Just wrap it up and I'll take it with me."

"HARDTACK"



BY REAMER KELLER

"It's been gaining!—I was three minutes early for school this morning!"

"Look out," he said. "It's already wrapped up."

"But this is all wrong," she said. "He goes places and does things. Where does *she* come in?"

Stanley, who knew a woman in love when he saw one, and that was Liz Dare, smiled a cold little smile.

"Never mind that. She *is* in!"

"It won't last," she murmured.

"You hope!" said Stanley rudely. "Now, Nita, take that look off your face! You can't poach here."

"Poaching is for rabbits," she said. "My grandmother was a pirate!"

Later, when the dancing had begun again, Elizabeth was sitting one out between Aunt Virginia and Andrew in order to put away a plateful of Stanley's excellent buffet, and Aunt Virginia leaned toward her and said quietly, "Liz. You remember what I told you about the dull patch. There's what always goes with it!"

She nodded toward the dance floor and Elizabeth saw Rodney waltzing with a fragile-looking thing whose golden hair was in a soft bang with curls on her neck, and who wore a very bouffant taffeta picture dress. She was one of those cuddlesome dancers, and her waistline, under Rodney's hand, was practically nonexistent.

"I don't know," said Elizabeth charitably. "She looks like a nice enough girl."

"Nice enough for what?" queried Aunt Virginia.

"Well, maybe nice enough to know her place."

"Rodney's smarter than you are. Look at him!"

His head was bent, her lips were at his ear. When he answered her, briefly, with his slow smile, she tilted up her face and laughed at him, and his arm tightened possessively as he swung her in a spirited pirouette through an open space on the floor.

"I see what you mean," said Elizabeth after a moment. "How long will it last?"

"I'd give it three months—maybe four."

"That's too long. What had I better do?"

"Don't ask me, I'm only his aunt!"

☆

"ANDREW," said Elizabeth, turning to him confidentially, "what's that Rodney's got hold of? And I mean got hold of!"

"The name is Juanita Donahue," he said. "She writes books."

"Oh, heavens!" said Elizabeth. "What sort of books?"

"Tripe. All about the pettiness of life as it is lived in the big cities, and the sweet clean air of the wide-open spaces where you can throw off the artificial restrictions of civilization and, presumably, do what you please in the way of thumbing your nose at Fate and man."

"My, my!" she said admiringly. "You seem to know all about it!"

"She sends them to me," he complained. "Autographed. What's more, your friend Stanley publishes them."

"You mean she travels round the wide-open spaces and then writes it up?"

"She has a sort of system. She seems to know everybody everywhere and they give her letters of introduction to everybody else, so that she week-ends in Borneo and spends Labor Day in Alaska, and that sort of thing."

"Is Rodney going to fall for it, do you think?"

"Not for the books, no," said Andrew.

Just then Charles came up and made her a little bow and said was she tired or would she go round just once with him in his favorite waltz.

"I'll go round and round," said Elizabeth and she rose most willingly. Had Charles seen Rodney? Charles always saw Rodney. One might as well— "Don't look now," she muttered, "but Rodney's picked up something."

"I only know her middle name," said Charles. "Which is Trouble."

"Or what always goes with a dull patch."

"Absolutely."

"Well, I'm new here. What do I do now?"

"Pray."

There was a silence while they danced. Rodney brushed past them, the golden head close under his chin. He never knew they were there.

"Go on, Charles—say it!"

"Say what?"

"Well, you told me never to leave him, didn't you? And I've an idea that this is where I get kicked down a flight of stone steps."

"Well, now, wait a minute, Liz—after all, things are a little different, aren't they, since you came into his life?"

"Do they look different?"

Charles glanced over his shoulder. "Not very," he admitted.

Rodney and Miss Donahue were just disappearing through the door of the library, a small paneled room with soft davenports and shaded lights.

"Didn't anybody tell me your name?" Rodney had inquired while they were still dancing, and she gave him a wise upward glance.

"I can't remember that we were ever introduced."

"That's the best of these big parties," he said placidly. "You can pick out the people you like the looks of and get away with it."

"Who picked out whom?"

"Well, you were looking as though you wanted a glass of champagne, and by a curious coincidence I happened to have two. What's your name, I said?"

"Donahue. Juanita—Donahue."

"Juanita? No foolin'?"

"I was born in Mexico. My parents were kind of hypnotized at the time."

"What part of Mexico?"

"My father had a silver mine south of Mexico City. You notice I say *had.*"

"Mexicans took it, I suppose."

"They *acquired* it by a sort of osmosis. The Germans are supposed to have it now. I haven't been there for several years, but I'm going back in the spring."

"Me too," said Rodney.

"Me what?"

"I haven't been there since 1937. And I'm going back as soon as I can manage it."

☆

"SO we might meet again—in Mexico!"

"I wouldn't be surprised. Mexico's not so big."

"Why are *you* going to Mexico?" she asked then.

"Harpy eagles, blast 'em!"

"I hope to get stuff for another book while I'm there."

"Another book," he repeated. "I must have been missing my cues. How many books have you written?"

"Only five."

"Oh-oh," said Rodney, wincing. "I'm sorry. Just an old fogey buried in a classroom—how would I know? What have you written books about?"

It was then that she led the way into the library. She went straight to the shelves which housed Stanley's own publications and laid a brightly jacketed volume in his hands: Mexico: The Silver Lining. By Juanita Donahue.

"Well, well," said Rodney apologetically. "I wonder how I—" An-

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other volume was laid on top: Borneo: In Search of Wild Men. By Juanita Donahue. "My goodness," he murmured. "Did you—" A third book slid into place. Tierra del Fuego: Land of Fire. By Juanita Donahue. "Great Scott!" said Rodney. "How did you get to it?"

"It's quite simple to get to it," she said modestly. "There is a regular air service from Buenos Aires to Patagonia, and once a week a lovely trimotor plane flies from there to Rio Grande on the east coast of Tierra del Fuego. I crossed the Strait of Magellan at five thousand feet, sitting up in the pilot's cabin watching the chart. They were awfully nice to me."

"Odd of them," he said.

☆

HE opened the book and sat down with it on a sofa.

"Who took the pictures?" he said.

"I did."

"Nice work. What did you use?"

"Those are mostly Leica shots enlarged. I had a sixteen-millimeter movie camera too, with color film."

"You did?" His interest was quick and keen. "Is there any way I can see those films some time?"

"I think it could be arranged."

He looked up from the book to find her smiling. There was something in her eyes he had not seen anywhere for a while—something he recognized for exactly what it was, with a familiar stirring of amusement and (we may as well admit it) satisfaction. In Juanita Donahue's wide blue eyes the good old huntress stare was decently veiled with humor and sophistication, but it was there all the same, tribute and challenge to his own spectacular manhood; something shameless, and reckless, and ruthless, and greedy—something he had dealt with many times in the past, one way and another, and knew perfectly well how to handle now if he chose. After the weeks of boredom he had been going through, and because of the weeks of boredom which stretched ahead (*it will run a year!*), the insurgent old Adam in him rose to meet the double-dare in her long gaze.

"Where do you show your films?" he asked, dead-pan.

"Well, believe it or not, I'm spending Christmas with the Kennedys, and I'll bring my films with me, of course."

"Dwight Kennedy? Our head man in modern languages?"

"Dwight Kennedy and his wife used to spend a lot of time at our place in Mexico before my father died."

"Well, well, how the Lord does provide!" said Rodney. "How long can you stretch that Christmas visit? Because I'm going to be in New York for the recess."

"Oh, I'll stay quite a while, I expect," she said casually. "I want to use Dwight's library before I start off again—he's got dozens of books about Mexico."

"So have I," he remarked, and added without a flicker in his polite gray gaze, "If there's anything Kennedy hasn't got, come and try my library."

"Thanks, I will. When are you going back to Mexico?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe this summer."

"I'll be there this summer."

"Well, that's another inducement."

"I thought I might fly as far as Mexico City this time."

"I've always wanted to try that myself."

"We seem to think along the same lines."

"Then perhaps it has occurred to you, too, that we ought to go on dancing," said Rodney, and rose, as they slipped again into the music.

☆

WHEN the party broke up at last, Rodney and Elizabeth dropped Charles at his hotel and took Aunt Virginia on to the guest room at the apartment. As he closed the door of their bedroom behind them, Elizabeth said "Phew!" and sat down rather limply on the chaise longue.

Rodney came at once and knelt to take off her silver slippers, massaging her feet in his warm hands.

"That feels wonderful," she purred, with her eyes shut.

"How you could go on dancing," he said. "You must be about dead from the knees down. Now, then," he said competently, and slid her out of her wrap. "How does this dress undo?—got it! Does it have to come off over your head?"

"No, just pull." She dropped it off her shoulders.

"One of your minor mysteries to me," he said, easing the dress down over her feet, "is the way you spend hours in an atmosphere thick with smoke and alcoholic fumes and come out of it still smelling of flowers."

"And what does that Donahue girl smell of?"

"Chanson d'Amour," he said promptly, without thinking. "Forty dollars a bottle."

Elizabeth raised her head and blinked at him, for the question had been largely rhetorical.

"Did she *tell* you?"

"Nope. I've been around."

"I suppose Marcia used it too."

It was his turn to blink.

"Now, what on earth made you say that?"

"I'm psychic," she told him with melancholy satisfaction.

"She's been to Tierra del Fuego, of all places," he said, bringing her dressing gown and helping her into it. "And she was born in Mexico, and was back there taking pictures the same year I went there first."

"Odd you didn't meet."

"Well, no. She was up near Mexico City and I was in— Say, was that a crack?"

"I don't know. Was it?" she said, and made for the bathroom.

Can Liz, busy with her show in New York, win against Juanita's wiles? Will Rodney follow the beautiful blonde explorer to Mexico? Don't miss the next chapter in which surprising things happen—and fast.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE FLEET'S IN (for Lamour and nautical slapstick)

This film's a prewar product, but it's a good antidote for wartime nerves. The show is full of laughs. It has good tunes and a wide variety of musical-comedy tricks to keep it clicking. The navy background for the action is not the sort of stuff you'd expect today, after Pearl Harbor. But it is just what the screen always depended on for a hotcha screen musical carnival before the fleet actually started fighting. If the gobs are shown more intent on gals than on Japs, that's as it should have been.

The show has a plot of sorts. It describes the shy efforts of a bluejacket to live up to his unwarranted reputation as a wolf, by trying to kiss a stand-offish night-club singer in San Francisco. Since most of his maritime pals are betting on the outcome, he has a tough job, particularly when she discovers this fact.

Let me assure you, though, that the plot is not nearly as important as the oddly assorted slapstick which is crowded into every sequence. At one moment you have the brilliant and rather neglected Eddie Bracken urging his shipmate on to bigger and better romantic gestures in order to win his bet and keep his ears and legs intact. At another, you have Betty Hutton indulging in her uninhibited screaming and stomping which passes with some people for screen performing. Then again there is a splendid angular comedian by the name of Gil Lamb, who is terrific every time he gets out in front of the klieg lights.

There is a specialty dance by Lorraine and Rognan, cavorting to Jimmy Dorsey's smooth band syncopations, which is comical as well as crafty. Dorothy Lamour, as the hard-to-get dance-hall hostess, is the biggest surprise of all the performers to me. In The Fleet's In she plays a tricky comic role with considerable dramatic authority and plenty of funny slapstick emphasis.

Victor Schertzinger, in his staging, might have cut the film to advantage. He has still succeeded in keeping it entertaining. The songs are catchy. For the record I might add that the film is based on that Kenyon Nicholson-Charles Robinson stage farce of some years ago called Sailor Beware. The point is that the film is good fun.

(Paramount.)

★ ★ ★ THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (for nice going in an old series)

The boys hit the jackpot when they started the screen series which always has Andy Hardy in the title and Mickey Rooney in the title role. This latest chapter is one of the better examples of the cycle. For one thing, it has arranged to have Andy grow up a bit. For another, it gets back to the homespun comedy and feeling which first made the series notable.

In this episode Andy is a garage mechanic, towing an F. B. I. agent's car right away from him, rescuing his sister from a bad evening with a Carvel playboy, and helping nice old Judge Hardy out on a delicate case of domestic relations. It's the last-named job that gets courtship into the picture.

But don't worry. Even though Andy gets a wallflower to blossom, he remains true to that old childhood sweetheart of his, Polly Benedict.

Rooney does his stuff with his usual exuberance as Andy, but fortunately the plot makes him act as well as mug. Lewis Stone is splendid once more as the elderly judge coping with a new generation. And Donna Reed, who plays the wallflower, is excellent, taking the play right away from Ann Rutherford in her accustomed part of Polly Benedict. Here is a superior item in a familiar screen series celebrating small-town doings.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mister V.

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq.

★★★—Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Woman of the Year, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown.

"I'm for a quick start, a fast finish and COOL SHAVES!"

● "I'm a judge of pace and a judge of lather—horse or shaving. And to every man who's losing time and skin in harsh, burning shaves I say: 'Switch to Ingram's cool, quick-action shaving cream!'

• • •

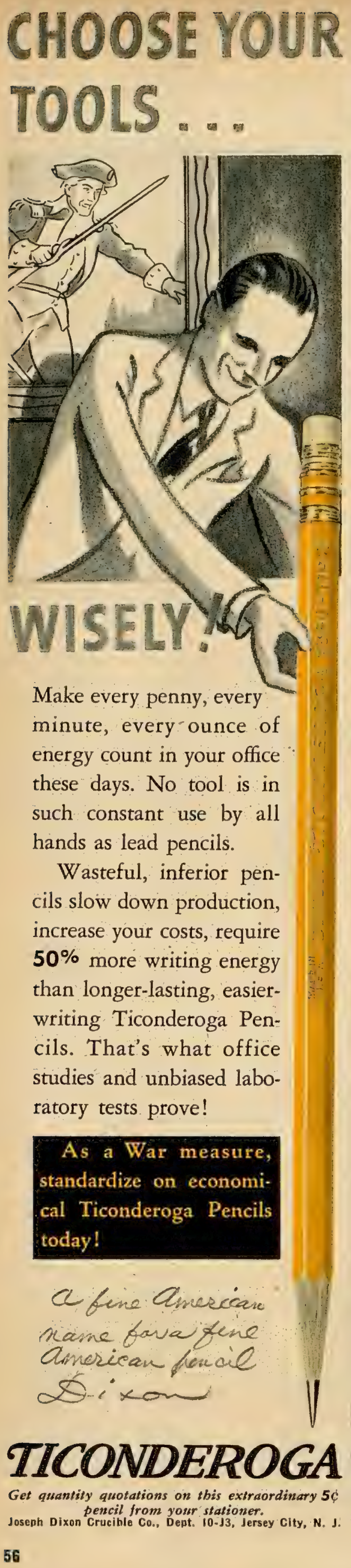
● "With Ingram's, shaving is just a breeze from start to finish. You get a flying start with a cloud of lather—cool, planned cool to condition your skin for shaving while it wilts your whiskers.

• • •

● "Ingram's makes the track fast for your razor. It glides along so smoothly that you shave minutes off your shaving time —and finish *cool*, refreshed, ready for the day's business or your evening date.

● "You can see in your girl's eyes how Ingram's increases your face value! No expensive lotions or tonics needed. Your skin is smooth and cool—and feels that way for hours. Warn off shaves that burn you! Get a tube or jar of Ingram's Shaving Cream—concentrated for economy—at your druggist's today!"

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM



CHOOSE YOUR TOOLS . . .

WISELY!

Make every penny, every minute, every ounce of energy count in your office these days. No tool is in such constant use by all hands as lead pencils.

Wasteful, inferior pencils slow down production, increase your costs, require **50%** more writing energy than longer-lasting, easier-writing Ticonderoga Pencils. That's what office studies and unbiased laboratory tests prove!

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TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HERE are fresh fish facts revealed to me by Lucien Prince, Paris-born gourmet, thirty years a purveyor of fancy sea foods from Fulton Market to leading hotels, restaurants, and clubs all over America. His business jumps 20 per cent in this Lenten season, which is why I thought you'd like to hear from him now. . . . Fish need exercise. Cold water peps them to vigorous action, builds up their physique. Florida—land of sport fishing—consumes quantities of Northern fish. . . . Gaining rapidly in popularity is the delicacy known as *turtle wings.* They are turtle flippers, usually priced at about fifty cents a pound. Cook 'em Baltimore style, with brown sauce and sherry; or Maryland style, with Madeira and cream. Mr. Prince declares himself an enemy of fish sold in fillets. "How can you tell what kind of creature it comes from," he asks, "unless you see the bones?"

He frowns on coleslaw or tart relishes with sea food; eats only straw potatoes with fried fish, boiled potatoes with fish poached or boiled. Drinks white wine. For fanciers of fried oysters he has a succulent secret. "They dry out when fried separately," he says. "Pin two oysters together with a toothpick, dip in batter or crumbs and fry. United that way, they retain their juice." . . . He made a statement that caused me to blink with wonderment. According to Lucien Prince's ichthyology, male and female shad are not aware of the opposite sex. With them swim mackerel matchmakers; and the mackerel see to it that shad boys meet shad girls under encouraging circumstances. . . . *There's* a fish story for you! And Mr. Prince swears it's true.

☆ FOR a luncheon or supper party during Lent try this *Scotch Newburg.* It's an unco treat! . . . To serve 4, flake 1 pound finnan haddie into pieces about 1 inch in size, making 2 cups fish. Simmer the flaked haddock 15 minutes in covered pan with 2 tablespoons melted butter and 2 sliced mushrooms. Remove fish and mushrooms with a drainer. Add 1 tablespoon flour to butter in pan; cook 5 minutes; then put in dash of nutmeg, dash paprika, 1 cup milk. Bring to boil. Now add 3 tablespoons sherry wine and yolks of 2 eggs beaten in ½ cup thin cream. Put back haddock and mushrooms. Heat good and hot but *do not let boil again.* Serve in oven-warmed patty cases of rich puff paste.

☆ IT was horses that came between them. Wealthy girl, she insisted on keeping a stable of fine horses after she married a young engineer who has no money except what he earns. He couldn't support her horses, and she refused to give them up. Divorce loomed. Then his firm assigned him to a job in South America. She decided she loved him more than anything—sold her horses so she'd be free to go where he went. The firm canceled his trip; gave him a better job here at home. Out of his salary raise he bought a horse for his wife.

☆ WHO wants to buy 99,000 rubber ballet slippers painted gold, flesh, and red? An advertising man had 100,000 of them made, to promote Christmas sales of silk stockings. It was a packaging *idea;* each rubber slipper contained gift stockings. Only 1,000 were sold. Ninety-nine thousand are left in a Manhattan warehouse. It was such a wild dream to begin with, it surely deserves a fantastic end. Perhaps those gaudy dancing shoes can be refashioned into tires for trucks or treads for tanks!

☆ A STRANGE employment situation has developed in Hollywood. Herbert Marshall tells me his butler would like to retire, but cannot quit because of Bette Davis. She and her husband are intimate friends of the Marshalls, at whose home they dine several times a month. Edmund, the Marshalls' butler, is cr-azy about Bette. If he retired from butling he'd no longer see her right close up while passing her the soup, the celery, et cetera. So Edmund buttles on!

☆ PSYCHIATRIST smarty-talk against the influence of mother love receives a sound slap from Dr. Leo Kanner's excellent new book, In Defense of Mothers. (Published by Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.)

HOW TO *Splurge* ON A MODEST BUDGET!

This Novel, Delicious Party Dish Costs Only A Few Pennies A Plate

SIZZLING SPAGHETTI PLATTER With Meat Balls And Mushrooms

Brown very small meat balls in fat. Add canned sliced mushrooms. Heat. Heat Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese on hot ovenproof platter. Top spaghetti with meat balls and mushrooms. Keep hot in oven. At last minute, arrange border of parsley or watercress.

IT'S FUN TO PLAN PARTIES

SEND FOR THIS FREE NEW PARTY BOOKLET!

IT'S FUN TO PLAN PARTIES!

Here are dozens of smart, unusual suggestions for table decorations, new recipes, interesting menus—all simple to manage, inexpensive. Send no money. Just write Dept. L-3, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(This offer applies to U. S. A. only)

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti With Its Sauce Of Nippy Cheese And Pedigreed Tomatoes Makes An Excellent "Side-dish," Appetizing Main Course.

QUICK ECONOMICAL ENERGY MEAL

SERVE Heinz Spaghetti as a company dish . . . and you're sure to win applause. For Heinz makes really superior spaghetti—the finest semolina flour. And the sauce is something to whistle about. Rich with cheese, it is delicately spiced, full of the appetite-arousing zest that vine-ripened tomatoes give. For speedy, economical meals have Heinz Cooked Spaghetti handy on your pantry shelf *always.*

HEINZ
EST'D 1869
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI 57

P.S. Better also order ready-to-serve Heinz Cooked Macaroni with its velvety-smooth cream sauce enriched with mellow, golden cheese. Grand as is. Wonderful with leftovers.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

IF YOU ARE A SPORTS FAN you don't need any introduction to Bill Cunningham. His full name, which he doesn't fool with much, is Elijah W. Cunningham. But everybody in the sports world calls him Bill. Aside from being the most respected, the most vital, and the most highly paid sports writer in the world —he's the sports columnist of the Boston Herald and of some sixty newspapers served by the United Features Syndicate—he has just joined the staff of Liberty as Sports Editor. He'll direct and write, both. You can look for his first piece pretty soon. After that, regularly. Around the office we feel pretty happy about signing up with Bill Cunningham. We sort of think Liberty's ten million readers will, too. Watch!

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK at the picture on this week's cover. We did when it came in. Admittedly it isn't as pretty as a picture of Shirley Temple. But it says something. The artist is one of Europe's greatest. A Pole. The Germans caught him in the first blitz. Being smarter than the Nazis, he got out. The Russians caught him when they were after Finland. Again he was smarter—and got out. Meantime he saw plenty—horror, blood, death, murder. The Nazis almost caught him in Denmark, but missed. They almost caught him in Paris, but missed. They didn't want him to go on painting, because this man can make one painting say as much as a whole book. . . . His name? Zdzislaw Czermanski. Hard for most of us to remember, but worth trying. We'll all hear more of him. . . . And we'll hear more, too, of John Gannam, the artist whose work speaks for itself on page 12 of this issue. He is one of the many new top-notch illustrators who are dramatizing Liberty's fiction.

IN THE NAVY, when a man knows his stuff, they call him "seagoing." So meet Allan Bosworth, who's all of that. Served as an enlisted man in the U. S. N. for four years. Now he's a lieutenant, and working at it. It just happens that he is the author of one of the finest sea stories—anyway, that's what we think—ever written by anybody. If you've missed it, thumb back through this issue and get yourself set for a thrill. (Title, You Always Remember.) When Allan Bosworth writes about the sea, it's the sea. Funny coincidence: Bosworth was born in Texas. So was Bill Cunningham. "The eyes of Texas are upon you!"

HARDTACK DOESN'T OCCUPY much space in Liberty, but he occupies a lot of hearts. Several million hearts, including ours here in the Liberty office. It was only the other day, strangely enough, that we ourselves found out about Hardtack's ancestry. . . . His father—well, anyway, the man who draws him—is a gentleman named Reamer Keller. Keller is tops among cartoonists. Here is Keller's own story of Hardtack:

"Most of the gags have to do with the little group of kids I was raised with in Portsmouth, Ohio. Our street ended in a cow pasture. Beyond the pasture were the hills and the swimming hole. The hills were dotted with our secret camps and caves. Our main clubroom was an old coal shed at the back of father's property. It took a half dozen passwords, a handful of secret knocks, and more pull than F. D. R. has to get inside.

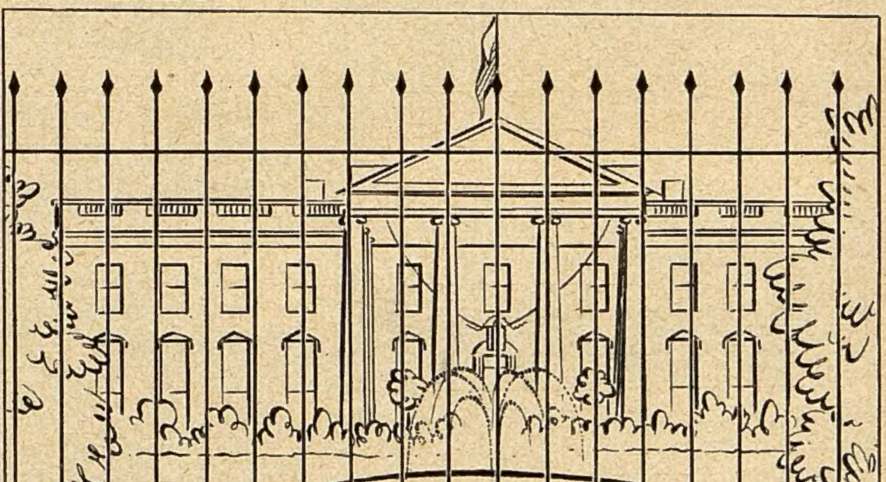
"We were very tough about girls. There were only two girls in the neighborhood, so we could be. We excluded them firmly. But we learned not to underestimate girls. One day when the gang was out in the hills raiding apple orchards, the girls—all two of them—decided to take a look at our clubhouse. They went to town on it. When we got back, we found lace curtains on the windows. Worst of all, the place had been scrubbed clean. It was a shock, but we learned something. We learned that women—bless their souls! —have a place in the world. And how!"

Maybe what all of us rather like about Hardtack is that he still isn't convinced. Hardtack's world is a Never-Never World. It doesn't exist—but it does. Maybe Hardtack's world, which any of us can laugh at or not, is sort of important today. Kids playing Indian. Kids playing cowboy. Kids playing soldier. . . . Four million American soldiers and sailors are toughening themselves today because of a kid world like that behind them. Does anybody want to bet that Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., who gave his life for the United States of America, wasn't a kid like Hardtack?

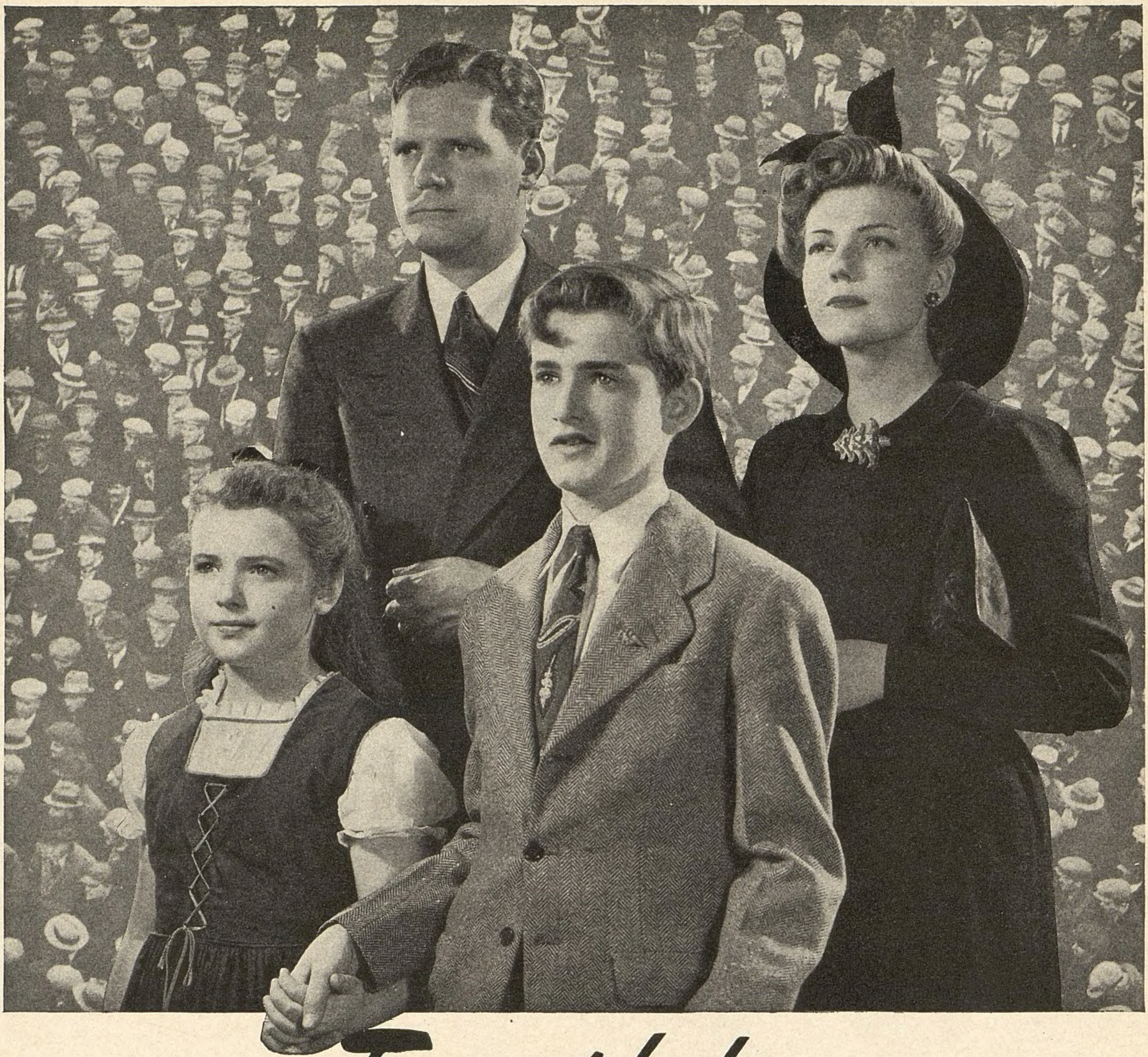
ETHEREAL MILDNESS! Spring is here or hereabouts, says the calendar. Gentle spring, wrote the poet. Only it seems the poet was a few springs ahead of Hitler and the funny-face who calls himself the Son of Heaven. Gentle—our eye! Nobody in Liberty's office could quote the thing right, or precisely place it. So we looked it up. Guy named Thomson wrote it. James Thomson, who lived from 1700 to 1748. And here's the line: "Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come." Somehow Mr. Thomson reminds us of the little girl who said, "It's raining, papa!" And papa, fairly grumpy, snapped back, "Well, let it rain!" So the little girl said, "Yes, I was going to, papa." . . . We guess it's O. K. about spring. Nothing much to do about it but let it come—and make it count. Longer daylight hours. More steam. More shove. More American victories.

The Editors

FALLA



"I'd ask you in, only we're pretty busy these days."



PEOPLE WHO ARE *Forward-looking* TURN TO LIBERTY

Cross your bridges when you come to them? No, you are studying today the bridges you will be crossing tomorrow, choosing the ones that will most surely take you and your children to a better world.

For you are the people who are ever looking ahead, ever trying to improve the imperfect present so that it may lead you into a better future. You are dreamers, but you dream of possibilities and start molding them into actualities.

Naturally you turn to a magazine that examines the present as you do; that strives to answer the questions that are perplexing you; that sets its course, as you do, for a better way of life.

It has always been Liberty's aim to give you good fiction and good entertainment, to keep you abreast of what goes on in Hollywood and in the world of sports. But over and above these things, Liberty strives to give you authoritative material that will help you to understand, and thus help you to solve, the questions of today and tomorrow.

1/30,000 OF A SECOND!

It takes high-speed photography to "stop" Dorothy Lewis's flashing blades, but it's easy to see her preference for Camels

FASTER than the blink of any human eye, the amazing stroboscopic camera catches film star Dorothy Lewis in one of her brilliant routines on the ice of the Iridium Room in New York's Hotel St. Regis.

DOROTHY LEWIS studied ballet from the age of 4, and almost all her routines combine the deft artistry of the toe-dancer with the fluid speed of the skater. Her cigarette combines extra mildness and flavor in a costlier tobacco blend that has never been duplicated. She smokes Camels exclusively.

THIS REMARKABLE leap above was first worked out in ballet slippers—in the same way Miss Lewis works out all her routines. Many's the Camel she smokes as she relaxes. Miss Lewis says: "I've found Camels milder by far."

"NOT ONLY are Camels milder," says Miss Lewis, "but they always taste so good. No matter how much I smoke, Camels never wear out their welcome. Smoking wouldn't be half the fun without Camel's full, rich flavor."

"CAMELS HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS WITH ME—LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE"

"THE MORE I SMOKE, the more I appreciate Camels," says Miss Lewis at a late supper with friends at the St. Regis. "Their cool, rich flavor is all the more enjoyable because Camels are so mild—with less nicotine in the smoke." You, yourself, try Camels. You'll like that grand flavor—and you'll like knowing that there's less nicotine in the smoke (*see below*).

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

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Camel THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS